

# SPIRIT

OF THE

## ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THIRD SERIES.]

BOSTON, AUGUST 15, 1829.

[VOL. 2, No. 10.]

### WHAT'S TO BE DONE ?

WE have all heard or read of a poor ass, which pined away in melancholy mood between two hay-ricks, because he found it impossible to decide whether the dexter or sinister mound was most worthy to be saluted by the first bite. They both shed their balmy fragrance upon the air, and each pouted out its tempting sides with an equality of beauty and curve marvelously perplexing. Poor fellow; there he stood, ruminating upon the point of etiquette, a subject upon which your genuine donkey studieth much, and acquireth strange and intricate notions. The sight must have been most moving and most melancholy to any of our species who might have beheld him in his embarrassment.

We have, however, great doubts whether there ever existed so stupid a *four-legged* ass upon the face of the earth. But, supposing the tale to be really true, we could find it in our heart much more easy to commiserate with such an ass as this, than with those of our own species, who, surrounded by a thousand sources of joy and comfort, and having well-known and unperformed duties, are ever exclaiming, "What's to be done?" The most delicious clover that ever was raked together by the blooming nymphs of the valley, never afforded so exquisite a treat to long-eared quadruped, as man experiences when conscious that he hath not left undone those things which he knows he is bound to perform. His mind is then

filled with joy, and gladness, and gratitude, and praise. Light are his slumbers; and his dreams are soothing and airy as the flutterings and warblings of the feathered songsters of the woods. The whole creation hath then for him a new, and pure, and glorious charm; and he seemeth to have a feeling, as far as in this frail and ephemeral state he may be able, of "Good-will on earth and peace toward man." There is not one among the innumerable comforts which man enjoys, that doth not acquire a double zest from such reflections.

But no—he gazeth listlessly upon his duties, and neglecteth them till they either accumulate, or, by perpetually recurring to his mind, they seem to address him in the language of reproach; and then he endeavors to avoid or forget them, *for the present*, by engaging, with feigned avidity, in schemes of idle folly or mis-called pleasure; or saunters, groveling on, with his feelings benumbed, into the paths of apathy and dreaming procrastination. Alas! this is no imaginary picture. Well do we remember the worthy Dr. Smithers, who was the rector of a village scarcely a mile from the small town whereat we were first bewildered in the mazes of Greek verbs. He was a good man withal, and truly he might well be called a *gentle* man, for "he bore his faculties so meekly," that he would not, by any *act* of his, have given pain

to a worm ; but he seemed ever to be in perplexity, and inquiring "What was to be done ?"

"November skies were chill and drear," when the weak, though really worthy couple, were sitting by their fireside, and Mrs. Smithers addressed her spouse, "Really, my dear Charles, it's high time that we settled what's to be done with the boy. He's now near sixteen, and yet"—

"Ah ! I know what you would say," yawned the prebendary, for so high up what he sometimes hoped should be the episcopal ladder had the good man climbed, "I have often thought of it. Charles, you know, my dear, is no common youth, or it would be easy to dispose of him. But, I have several plans in my head—I have been thinking—yes—let me see—Well, just at present—I hardly know what's to be done—however"—and thus he would go on prosing for some half hour or so, with the kind intention of satisfying his wife's mind by what he *said* ; yet most especially bewildered within himself, and continually thinking, "What's to be done ?"

He had thought proper, on taking possession of his prebend, which was in fact little better than a nominal honor, to take his doctor's degree, and consequently became a marked character in our thinly-populated neighborhood. The advancement of one grade in society was gratifying to him, not so much perhaps on his own account as on that of his daughter and his son Charles ; and, though last not least, because his dear Emilia looked with most benign complacency upon his well-powdered wig. Well do we remember it, and the awe with which it inspired us in our boyish days. It was a full-blown caxon, one of the last of the cauliflowers ; and might be seen, surmounted by a most orthodox "fire-shovel" hat, moving to and fro about the little market-town above the doctor's slender figure, which, supposing the wig to have been really one of Flora's sportive productions, might well have represented the stalk thereof.

The whole neighborhood was delighted when the Doctor's promotion was made known ; for he was a general favorite, and never suspected to have been unduly puffed up by his new dignity save once, and that was upon the occasion of his walking into the "County Ball" room with his wife hanging upon his arm, followed by his daughter Emilia and the aforesaid Charles. It was a proud day for the good man, for the great ones of the land thronged around him, and offered their congratulations ; and the son of the Lord Lieutenant danced with Emilia ; and anon there came about him, and were introduced unto him, some odd dozen of people, who either remembered him at Oxford, or had met him at Squire Smith's, Brown's, Jones's, or Robinson's. Then was the Doctor sensible that he had become a "lion," and he felt that there was an opening made for the way of his children in the world, and his fond paternal heart leaped within him for joy, and he resolved, in every possible way, to avail himself of every advantage in his power for the welfare of those so dear to him. So, when he got home, he sate himself down seriously to consider "What was to be done ?"

Weeks and months rolled on, but he had come to no decision. Indeed, it was unlikely that he should, seeing that dreams and visionary hopes and wishes were all that occupied his fancy, and could form no solid basis whereon to commence his plans. In this dilemma he consulted our uncle, a military man, who retained to the last that decision and energy of character so essential in his profession, and of which the Doctor stood so woefully in need.

"What's to be done !" exclaimed the veteran, repeating the words with which his reverend friend concluded what he meant to be a distinct explanation of his hopes, expectations, resources, &c. "What's to be done ! I'll tell you what's to be done. Send your boy to college as soon as he can be admitted. Neither you nor I are

young. Don't talk about your family, but *act—act—act*. A pretty tale should I have had to tell in America, when the French sloop was rounding a point in the Penobscot river, to take a position which must have given her the command of our station, if I had begun to snivel, 'What's to be done?' There she came with the tide, and we had just as much chance of stopping her, as you and I have of being obeyed if we were to cry, Halt! to the quick march of old Time. So, keeping a wood between her and our line of march, we took a fresh position, leaving her to amuse herself with the empty stockade; and—well—well—you know the end—I won't bore you with an old story—we took *her*—changed the tables. It was a devilish—I beg your pardon, Doctor, it was a deuced—I mean a monstrous good joke, to see the fellows when we opened our fire upon them. Well—well—the affair stands thus. Time is either your friend or your enemy. The fellow's never neutral, Doctor—make him your friend, say I, and lose not a moment."

Some other advice our uncle gave concerning the arrangement of the Doctor's pecuniary affairs and expenditure, which shared the same fate as that we have related; for your practised "what's to be done" man hath ever some expedient for putting off his decision for a time; and the good man found it impossible to refuse his consent to Charles's accepting an invitation to spend a few days with the son of a neighboring gentleman, who had considerable influence in the county. These few days became weeks, because it would be long ere poor Charles would be again able to spare time for such enjoyments: and then another invitation came from another friend, and was accepted, and prolonged for similar reasons. But, in the meanwhile, the Doctor was not idle. Oh no—he was busily employed, saying unto himself, "What's to be done?" and laboring hard to come to a decision. Did the Doctor imagine himself a hero, or philosopher, about to strike

out some new and undiscovered path to happiness, and that his mind was as a council to direct him in the unknown road, when it was incessantly ejaculating this querulous cry?

Whether he sate by the fireside, gazing upon the changing forms therein, or walked in his garden, with his hands in his breeches pockets, or hanging behind him, there ever came over his mind a thousand noble resolutions. And ten thousand goodly images and fairy prospects, of future happiness and greatness for his son, passed before the eyes of his enraptured imagination; and he identified himself, as he meant to be, and to act, in them all successively; but he had not yet decided on the *exact* course which he would pursue *at the present moment*. So he continued inquiring "What was to be done?" and persuading himself that he was winning his onward way to the realization of his splendid visions, ere he had taken a single step on his journey.

During this mental process of his father's to decide upon what was to be done with him, young Charles was doing his best to forget the small quantity of Latin and Greek which he had been compelled to learn at school, and acquiring tastes and habits in which it was but little likely that he would be able to indulge, in the event of "anything happening to his father," as the modern phrase for the termination of man's mortal career runs. And thus another year rolled round; and, as my uncle predicted, time, not having been made their ally, had become their enemy, for Charles was less fit for college than at its commencement. Then the Doctor appeared to have girded himself with resolution, and was determined to begin, *immediately after Christmas*, to "read" steadily with his son.

In the meanwhile his daughter Emilia, whose personal charms were highly extolled by the "butterflies" of the day, received instructions in the showy accomplishments of music, dancing, and drawing, on which so much time is expended in youth, and

so little in maturer age. But Emilia's parents, like too many more, could not perceive that their daughter wanted those essential qualifications, without which, the utmost skill and attention of a master can effect but little for his pupil. She was a good girl, but had "no ear" for music, and her voice was barely "passable;" and as for drawing—no similitude of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, could be discovered in her portfolio. There were trees like cabbages, and castles like bandboxes, and figures, miscalled human, which, small as they were, if they could have been charmed into life, would have terrified the whole village. But then she danced very fairly; that is to say, she could go through the ceremony without attracting much notice. For the rest, we have little to say of her. We have frequently in later years thought that, if her mind had been cultivated in youth, she would have been a different character; for we are not of the creed of the Mahometans, but believe that women have souls; and it is grievous in our eyes to witness how sadly they are sometimes neglected by parents.

Matters were in the state we have described at the Rectory, when we were under the necessity of losing sight of the family for several years. It had been our misfortune to lose our parents when very young, and we were consequently under the orders of our good uncle before mentioned. We were then about eighteen years of age, and, as is customary with unfeathered bipeds at that period, thought very highly of our own abilities, and felt no sort of doubt that we should make a very considerable figure in the age we were about to live in. We had "done schooling," and our uncle intended us for the army; but we preferred the navy, for a much better reason than we have been able to give for many of our preferences in after life, namely, because the flag of our country was then roaming upon the ocean, conquering, and to conquer, and, "like an eagle in a dove-cote, fluttering" the enemy. We had already,

in our mind's eye, a fine seventy-four, of which we purposed taking the command, and performing very extraordinary feats in the Channel, which we selected to be the scene of our exploits, in consequence of the facility with which we could run our prizes into Portsmouth or Plymouth, and thence run up to London to arrange the affairs of our prize-money and promotion, and run down to see our uncle, and refresh the old gentleman with the recital of particulars which it would be impossible to put into the Gazette. This was all very fine, our uncle said, but still he never would talk seriously about the navy, although he confessed that the life of a soldier, and the state of our army, were not *then* exactly as he wished them to be. *Therefore* he deferred presenting us with a pair of colors until we had seen something of the world; and he made no secret of his policy, but told us his plans and reasons in that open, straightforward, manly manner, for which (as well as his other virtues) we always respected him, and shall ever reverence his memory. The idea of "seeing the world" intoxicated our young imagination, and the few first days, after a journey to London was announced, were spent in great and consequential hurry, running to and fro, and doing nothing. But when the *last* day that we were to spend among the endeared scenes of our youth arrived, and we felt that, on the next, we were to be launched forth into the world, a tender melancholy sense of the important nature and uncertain event of the desperate plunge we were about to take came over our mind. We took a solitary stroll to feast our eyes, perhaps for the last time, upon the river, and the hall, and the little park and the church, and the three beech-trees on the mount, and then slowly returned to bid adieu to certain juvenile property which we possessed in our uncle's small domain.

We found ourselves, towards evening, sitting under the walls of an old ivy-clad ruin of a round tower, built at the lower extremity of the garden,

no one knows when or why. We had, in happier hours, penned up a g<sup>o</sup>ing rill of the pure element which issued from a spring above the house, and after supplying the wants of the inmates, made its rustling way over a narrow pebbly bed to that spot which we had chosen for our waterfall. Never shall we forget the triumphant delight with which we, after almost a fortnight's toil, heaping up stones and "puddling" clay, sate down to watch the rising of the sparkling water. It seemed a long time ere the element had attained the brink of our barrier. Then we gazed thereon most intensely; and our cup overflowed with joy when the first trickling came down to the rocky basin we had formed beneath. And, anon, we beheld the falling element swell into picturesque beauty. The spot which, an hour before, had been nothing more than a hole in the earth, dark, damp, and dismal, was now all life, and motion, and beauty; and a cheerful melody came forth from its depths—and all appeared to be the work of our own hands. The Blandusian fount could not have been half so clear. There might be a greater fall, we allowed, at Tivoli; but then it could not be more romantic; and as for the cataracts and plunges of the Niagara, Nile, and Rhine, it was allowed generally that they were terrific rather than beautiful. But in ours there was nothing alarming, the main fall being precisely four feet three inches. There we might sit and read, or muse in security—and not we alone, but, in after times—oh yes, even then we had strange dreams respecting the future; and when we left that great work of our own hands on the first night of its completion, we inwardly and proudly breathed, "*Exegi monumentum!*"

This wonderful performance was achieved in the thirteenth year of our age, by and with the aid of Corporal Inglis; and, on the morning after its completion, our uncle, who, during its progress, had kept aloof, from a high notion of honor that he might not rob us of our laurels, walked with us,

hand in hand, to the spot, to see and approve. We revealed then to him our intention of planting a willow, and of framing a rustic seat, &c. &c. and he forthwith put his hand into his pocket, and gave us a convincing proof of the high estimation in which he held our abilities; and then he bestowed upon us some good advice, which we did not *then* value mayhap quite so much as we ought, but which we have often thought of, and, we hope, derived benefit from since. The main purport thereof was to impress upon our mind that happiness was the result of employment.

"Never be without a task of some sort, boy," said the Colonel: "let it be useful, if possible; but, at all events, let it be harmless. The mind and body both require exercise. Use them, work them both, boy. They'll both get stronger, and make you a man sooner," (this was then a proud inducement,) "and a happier man. Habit is second nature. The habit of thinking and acting for yourself, sir," (the appellation "*Sir*" always indicated that our uncle was getting upon military ground,) "will produce decision of character, without which a man cannot be fit for any command. There is scarcely any sort of knowledge that may not be useful to a soldier. Perhaps this little work of yours may lead you to look into the nature of the channels of rivers, a matter of no small consequence sometimes in a campaign. But, at all events, one employment or one acquirement always paves the way for another, and enables a man to feel an interest in something or everything that is going on around him. And then he stands a fair chance of promotion and happiness; and there's little risk of his being reduced to the rank of those poor devils, who saunter about with their hands in their pockets, looking confoundedly stupid, blinking and winking, and yawning, "*What's to be done?*"

Between this period and that of our going forth into the world, five years had glided by; and, during their pro-

gress, we had framed the rustic seat, and planted the willow, and studied and read for many an hour beneath its shade ; and we had never felt at a loss about "What was to be done," save upon one subject. That subject was utterly incomprehensible to us. It was a strange and intense internal commotion with which we were ever affected whenever we saw a certain young lady, or even when her name was mentioned. We felt that we should have been delighted to make her a present of every description of property we had, and of ourselves into the bargain ; and, doubtless, had an opportunity presented itself, we should have decided the matter by throwing "the lot" at her feet. But the Colonel was a widower ; and Maria had a mother, and brothers and sisters ; and, moreover, was somewhat elevated above us in society : consequently we met but seldom ; and then amid scenes of humdrum formality. So we knew not what was to be done. This was the first secret we ever kept from the Colonel, and an irksome one it was : but we *could* not tell him. Once or twice we had resolved so to do, but *her* name "hung fire," as the corporal would have said, upon our lips. Therefore, on the day before our departure, we magnanimously resolved, that, if we could not suppress, we would conceal the state of our feelings, and endeavor, as soon as we got into "the world," to do something which might prove us to be worthy of the high aspirations of our soul.

It was at this crisis that we first committed the sin of rhyming at any length.

The next morning we accompanied our uncle to London ; and looked about us, and went into company ; and saw such sights, and did such things, as all the people in "the world" have been seeing and doing there ever since, up to the present moment. We then proceeded to the Netherlands, and visited, and minutely inspected, all the fortresses and fields connected with Marlborough's campaigns. The delight and pride which the Colonel

evinced in that progress we shall never forget. The days of his youth seemed to have returned upon him : his step was as the tread of a giant ; and the hours we spent on horseback and on foot were unconscionable. But we feel the recollection of those days so strong upon us, that we will not trust our pen further—we remember that we are not *now* writing either his life or our own. Suffice it to say, that our wanderings far and wide upon the Continent occupied the space of three years ; and then we once more found ourselves at home.

During our absence, poor Mrs. Smithers had been gathered to her fathers. Her death was a sore bereavement for the poor Doctor.

The plan of steadily reading Latin and Greek with his son Charles, which the Doctor had resolved upon, was necessarily procrastinated from time to time during his mother's illness ; and, after her death, the worthy widower's mind was certainly, for a considerable period, in a state very unfit for such an undertaking. Another year had thus slipped by, and then the long-talked of course of study was commenced, and the Doctor discovered, with no small dismay, that Charles had retrograded sadly in his learning ; inasmuch as that they were obliged to retrace, with toil and difficulty, the path which, two years back, had been comparatively easy. Let it not be supposed that this achievement was well performed ; no—your "What's to be done ?" man cannot long persevere in any *one* plan ; he is ever wearily shifting his ground. The books were continually changed—sometimes a week passed without any reading ; and that ruinous day, "tomorrow," was continually presenting itself as more fit for the surmounting of difficulties than that which was at the moment winging its way into the past.

Another year had thus gone by, and Charles had imperceptibly stepped into manhood without being even entered at college ; and then the question of, "What's to be done ?" an-

noyed the Doctor on a subject that wounded his feelings excessively. He had made a discovery, which at first he was unwilling to acknowledge, though somewhat similar hath occurred to many a fair scholar. He found that time, "edax rerum," had marvellously rusted his Greek and Latin. He could not discern the beauties of Sophocles; and there was a sad indistinctness in many parts of Herodotus. "What was to be done?" Cicero himself was obscure, though certainly his style appeared as beautiful as ever. Virgil had ever been his favorite, because of the aptitude of that author for quotation, in which the worthy Rector loved to indulge. Consequently he had frequently dipped therein, and might be said to be nearly "up" in the *Æneid*. So, for the next six months, they employed themselves re-reading that beautiful poem, with a book or two of the New Testament, by way of variety. The Doctor, however, knew too well how little he was doing for his son, not to feel at times exceedingly uneasy. But he could not decide upon "What was to be done?" Now, as he was by no means what is commonly termed a fool, notwithstanding the apparent folly of his conduct, it is proper here to state, that he had long since discovered that his income was not proportioned to the style of living which he had deemed necessary to adopt when his clerical honors had been conferred on him. His parties were not frequent, nor was there any manifest extravagance in his habits. But there had ever been a lack of system in all his domestic arrangements; and since the death of his wife, matters appeared to be worse managed than before; and there seemed but little chance of amendment, for his daughter Emilia, with whom he consulted on the subject, was utterly ignorant of all household concerns, and candidly confessed she did not know "What was to be done?" So the decision rested with himself; and he gloomily pored over his Christmas bills, wondering how

it was that they could amount to so much, and resolving to reduce his expenses, if not his establishment, but could not decide on the precise step most proper to be taken for the effecting of so desirable a purpose; and was consequently content, *for the present*, to dwell over the old mental inquiry.

Thus much it was necessary to say, in order to account for his not having adopted the plain straightforward course of sending Charles to some one of the numerous respectable young clergymen, fresh from their reading, who would have been happy to receive him as a companion, to cheer and employ their time in the retirement of a country village. There was, however, another plan which appeared likely to answer the purpose quite as well, and would not interfere with his domestic arrangements; and that was, to engage the son of an old friend, whose widowed mother had contrived to economize so well for many years, as to be enabled to send him to Oxford, where he was at this period "reading for his degree." Therefore young Blackwell came to the Rectory; and, after a visit of some few weeks during the vacation, it was settled that he should consider himself as one of the family, and return and take up his abode with them immediately after his "great go." As the young man was thus secure of a title for orders from the Doctor when he should attain the age of three-and-twenty, besides other "considerations," the arrangement seemed perfectly to the taste of all parties. The good Rector was particularly delighted: for, during his late inquiries about "What was to be done?" he had been harassed with a sad conviction that it was absolutely necessary to do something in order to reduce his expenditure. Yet he could not part with his old servant Peter, because Thomas, the boy, was fit only to wait at table, and do indoor work, and knew nothing about the garden; and there was not a better manager in the county than his cook; and as for parting with Martha, who had been



his dear wife's own maid, and who was now transferred to Emilia,—*that* was quite out of the question ; and the services of the kitchen-girl were absolutely necessary,—besides, her wages were so very trifling. For these reasons, therefore, was the Doctor, as usual, utterly at a loss. But now, as there would be an addition to the family, he resolved to make himself perfectly easy, and to feel convinced, *malgre* some certain misgivings, that it was right and proper to let matters go on as usual until the time should arrive for Charles's departure for Oxford. And *then*, when his family would be reduced to only two persons, he might easily curtail his expenditure.

It was some months before our return that young Blackwell became an inmate of the Rectory. He was a strange fellow ; alternately bashful and presuming ; awkward and uncouth in his manners, yet aping every mincing dandy, of a certain grade, that fell in his way, and ever talking of this, that, and the other thing, custom, and mode, being "gentlemanly." He had withal an exceeding good opinion of himself, and seemed to consider the situation in which he stood as a tacit acknowledgment of his superior abilities, though it afterwards appeared that he had *barely* passed his examination.

During the progress of these events, poor Emilia had been suffering from the effects of her parent's "What's to be done ?" system. Left entirely to herself, her time was divided between the contents of the circulating library (then much more "trashy" than at present) and hearing and telling town "news ;" and the latter occupation being more amusing, and perhaps rendering her more acceptable in society, soon engaged almost the whole of her time. The worthy Rector too, at first, listened with interest to her town and village gossip, inasmuch as it served to beguile the tedious progress of time, which ever marches heavily along with the man who has no pursuit or settled plan of

action. But, it is due to the character of the Rector to add, that, when his daughter's news assumed the character of scandal, as, in due course, it inevitably did, he was exceedingly alarmed, and began to think seriously upon the manner in which the dear girl was spending her time. The result was, as usual, "What's to be done ?" Divers plans, ay and excellent plans too, flitted before him as he lay cogitating on his pillow, or "daundering" in his garden with his hands in his pockets. He would write to an accomplished lady whom he had formerly known, who resided at Bath, and received into her establishment a limited number of young ladies, who had the advantage of the best masters, and were introduced into the best society under her own eye. But then the state of his finances, considering that Charles *must* go to Oxford, compelled him to relinquish that idea for the present ; and other schemes were abandoned for similar reasons.

It may perhaps appear that we are unworthily reflecting upon the Doctor for an indecision for which poverty were a sufficient excuse. But the fact is, that the state of his finances was the consequence of his want of decision. He knew that if his children lived, they must arrive at years of maturity ; and he knew that unto him only could they look for support ; and when he dared to think, he felt that he was not treading in a path that was likely to terminate in their happiness.

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
At fifty blames his infamous delay ;  
Yet lingers on till sixty—and again,  
In all the magnanimity of thought,  
Resolves and re-resolves. Then dies the same."

This was the state of the Doctor's mind. He spent his days in fruitless conviction of error, ever inquiring "What's to be done ?"

He never, but on one occasion, attempted to justify his procrastination to our uncle, who was acquainted with



the exact state of his affairs; and then he averred that, considering the position which he held in society, he really did not know how he could consistently do otherwise than he did; for that any reduction in his establishment would have a very strange look, and really he didn't know what people would think. There would have been no difficulty, he allowed, if he had never kept more than one man-servant, and so on; but now "it" would have a very strange appearance. To all this, and more of the like calibre, the veteran listened with a considerable degree of pain, and then responded in this wise. "My dear Doctor, you and I have known each other too long to render it necessary that we should talk nonsense, and endeavor to bamboozle one another. Show me the man that would think the worse of you for doing your duty to your wife and children, and I'll prove the fellow to be unworthy of your friendship. Your position in society indeed! Have you a friend or acquaintance who is ignorant of the value of your living? It is worth eight hundred, and by G——!—I beg your pardon—how the devil you have muddled that sum away every year lately, seems marvellous; but no matter, so it seems to be. What would be your opinion of a general who allowed his men to stand upon a hill to be swept away by the enemy's fire, because he didn't know what they might think of his taking a fresh position behind it? But I know how you argue. You endeavor to wheedle yourself into an approval of delay which you feel and *know* to be dangerous; but you cannot—nor can you deceive your *real* friends, every one of whom would think much more highly of you if it were not for this blot—I would not heedlessly wound your feelings—this foible in your character. Zounds, man! if you don't change your cursed position, as you call it, very soon—and you may do so now with honor—you'll be forced from it in disgrace. By Heaven! I cannot think of the thing with patience, so I'll say no

more about it. I shall swear if I do—I know I shall. God!—bless you! There, there's my hand, Doctor; you know you may command me in any way;—but here comes Inglis—I want to speak to him—the fellow has got an idea of committing matrimony."

The reason why we have chosen to speak of the worthy Doctor, rather than of some others of the class of "What's to be done?" people who have come under our cognizance, is, that from the *certainty* of his resources he seemed to be in less danger of suffering from giving way to habitual procrastination. His duties were simple and specific: well understood and admitted even in the midst of neglect. When these are numerous and complicated, the abandonment of mind to that miserable state of weakness which we have endeavored to describe, must be more speedily fatal to happiness. Besides, this *one*, if such a mode of speaking of any mortal being may be allowed, was the Doctor's *only* failing. All his other duties, wherein this master-vice did not interfere, were performed with the strictest and most conscientious exactness; and his name will not cease to be spoken of with respect, till the present generation shall be gathered to their fathers.

Never was the assertion, that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," more fully proved than in the case of Emilia and Charles Smithers. The latter felt that he had lost much time; but, notwithstanding, lost much more before he went to Oxford; and, when there, exhibited a complete counterpart of his father's conduct, neglecting, and ever bewailing the neglect of his duties. The event was as might be expected. After putting off the evil day from time to time, he at length went up for his examination, and was "plucked." He was then transferred to Cambridge, where, it was hoped, his classics might pass; but there, the mathematics started up as a lion in his way; and truly it might be said, that, when poring, or rather dreaming, over what appeared

a chaos of figures and problems, he knew not "What was to be done?"

From amid these difficulties, the poor fellow was summoned home to a scene of deep distress. His father was on his deathbed on his arrival; and a few weeks terminated his mortal career. Then was poor Charles left in the world, in his twenty-fourth year, without profession or property; for it appeared that the Doctor's estate was not even adequate to defray the expenses of dilapidations which had been for years in progress at the Rectory, unheeded or neglected.

The Colonel, with his usual goodness of heart, resolved to uphold him at college, provided his pecuniary assistance was likely to be serviceable; but he never took a step without previously reconnoitering; and after exchanging some letters with Cambridge friends, was compelled to abandon the idea, as being little better than sending the poor youth on a "forlorn hope," in which his character afforded small chance of success; and where defeat, after past occurrences, would stamp him with irremediable disgrace.

From that period, Charles Smithers's life has been one of a very different nature from that which he might in his youth have fairly anticipated would have been his lot. His first useful occupation was that of an assistant at the grammar-school where we were both educated; but the worthy clergyman at its head was compelled to tell our uncle, that he could not retain him in that situation, consistently with the duty he owed to his pupils. Perhaps the painful feelings which must have been his lot, in the midst of those whom he had known and felt upon an equality with in happier days, might have rendered him unfit for his office. They must have been acute; for, till his parent's death, he had no idea of his circumstances, or perhaps he might, ere habit had grown too strong, have shaken off his hereditary apathy.

The next effort made by our uncle was, perhaps, injudicious, for he never

reflected thereon with pleasure, and we have often thought, was persuaded into it contrary to his better judgment; but he was not of those who, when they have taken an active part in anything that is unsuccessful, endeavor to throw the odium of defeat upon their colleagues: Among the intimate friends of the late Doctor, a sum was raised, sufficient to purchase for poor Charles a share in an academy in the vicinity of London, where the higher classics were not read. This sum was to be considered as a loan, in order that feelings of gratitude and honor might stimulate him to exertion. All went on well apparently for some years; and Emilia went to live with her brother, having no other resource, in consequence of the very superficial nature of her education.

The next time we heard of Charles was when his partner died, and he became, in consequence, sole proprietor of the establishment; and, shortly afterwards, he took unto himself a wife, as a matter of course one of the "What's to be done?" species. Thus left to himself, old and incurable habits assumed their ancient sway, if, indeed, they had ever been conquered; and in a very short space of time, his school dwindled away, and left him, like his poor father, to lament over his darkening prospects, and saunter about, inquiring and wondering "What was to be done?" Nothing *was* done; or he might, even then, have repaid his friends, and retained their confidence and respect; but he lingered on, with the expenses of a large and useless establishment, till "poverty came upon him like an armed man."

The first intimation we received of his difficulties was from the London Gazette, where our uncle discovered his name in the list of bankrupts, when looking over its pages for military intelligence. It appeared afterwards that the poor fellow had been gradually sinking; that he paid his tradesmen's bills very honestly as long as his capital lasted, and then began to contrive excuses, which answered

the purpose very well for a certain length of time, at the end of which, as he had not even then quite made up his mind about "What was to be done?" his landlord settled the point for him by making a seizure for rent, whereupon the butcher, baker, grocer, cheesemonger, &c. "upon that hint, did speak," in terms by no means so respectful and polite as whilom they had used when "soliciting his favors," in their various and respective "lines." This failure made a sad impression upon all of us. We had learned, from the best authority, that the late master of the academy left behind him no less a sum than seven thousand pounds, the whole of which he had accumulated in the house where Charles Smithers became a bankrupt, while his friends were congratulating themselves on the success of their endeavors in his behalf. It seems that, at the death of his partner, he might be said, after deducting the amount of his debts, and of the bond held by our uncle, (which the parties concerned agreed should never be demanded,) to have been worth fifteen hundred pounds, besides the "good-will" of the school, which he might have retained, with all its advantages, to this day, had he taken a partner more competent than himself, to superintend the duties. To this course, divers friends had urged him in vain, although he acknowledged that he frequently felt his own deficiency. He could not be charged with extravagance nor inattention, if staying at home, and letting things go on in their old course, were an adequate defence against these imputations. His was an abandonment and sheer wreck of property, respectability, and future prospects, in the face of conviction, merely because he never could decide the question, "What's to be done?"

The exertions and interest of friends, after a while, procured for him a subordinate situation in one of the public offices, which he yet retains, and above which he is never likely to rise, unless he can overcome

his habitual inanity, of which there seems little probability. He is now the father of four children, who are brought up in such a manner as to render it too probable that the third generation of Smitherses will pursue the steps of their forefathers, and go forth into the world without knowing "What's to be done?"

Emilia was kindly invited, from respect to her father, to spend a few months, after her brother's misfortunes, with several families in our neighborhood. It was a painful sight to see that poor girl. Many people thought her handsome, and she was herself of that opinion; and, in the weakness of her poor untutored mind, deemed that, having lived near the metropolis, (to her, synonymous with living among the "world" therein,) she must be superior to the country ladies around her. She was at that critical age when the unmarried fair are said to change the question of, "I wonder whom I shall have?" into that of, "I wonder who will have me?" And truly she did seem determined to solve the question, and set about it with a spirit to which we had not supposed any of the family could have been roused. She made some desperate lunges; and, we really think, might have carried the point with a good-tempered fox-hunting squire, had it not happened that, one rainy morning, they were left *tête-à-tête* together, *accidentally*, for two long hours. Determined to make the agreeable, the poor girl rattled on with town-talk and gossiping nonsense, and the squire laughed and seemed well pleased; for the learned and deep blue among the daughters of Eve found no favor in his eyes: and so far all went on well; but, alas! Emilia knew not where to stop, and thinking mayhap of rivals, or having nothing else to say, she ventured upon divers of those evil reports, usually as false as malicious, which, ever and anon, disgrace every petty gossiping circle in the united kingdoms. Squire Henchman, whose heart lay, as folks say, "in the right place," listened at

first with surprise, then with pain, and took leave with pleasure ; and thenceforth was no more seen dangling after the fair Emilia, who felt much at a loss about "What was to be done !" As time rolled on, matrimonial views gradually assumed the aspect of a forlorn hope. At our uncle's decease, he left her a small annuity, by the assistance of which she is enabled to live with two elderly maiden ladies of a somewhat similar mental calibre ; and, though we may risk the chance of being accused of scandal for the

avowal, we much fear that their time is not spent in such conversation as becomes Christians who are instructed to "do unto others as they would that others should do unto them."

Much as we abominate such sort of discourse, truth, however, compels us to say, that we verily believe it hath not its rise so frequently from feelings of envy, hatred, and malice, as in the stagnant and noisome wilderness of an uncultivated mind, ever seeking, but apparently never knowing, "What is to be done !"

### TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

"Virides fecere merendo."—*Old Motto.*

HAVE you walked in the fields, when the sun  
Through the trees is really burning,  
And the village children, one by one,  
To their cottage homes are turning ?

Hast thou not bow'd to their laughing  
mirth,  
As they toss'd the wild-flowers far and  
nigh,

Their voices ringing over the earth ;—  
They cannot have gone unheeded by.  
Their thoughts are fresh, and their hearts  
are green,

Oh, they have not seen what thou hast seen !

Have you not mark'd in the quiet aisle  
Of Tintern church, the sweet and fair,  
The wandering leaf of the ivy smile,  
In gladness on the pulpit stair ?

You have not forgot the aged man,  
With shepherd staff, and hoary hair,  
You turn'd from your homeward path to  
scan,

So old, and yet so free from care—  
His soul was bright, tho' his eyes were dim,  
The God of his youth was light to him.

Thou art sad ! thy heart is journeying  
back

To the guide of thy early day,—  
Hast thou stray'd so far from his peaceful  
track,

Are all his foot-prints worn away ?  
Have you walked in a path benighted,  
Beguiled by a flickering spark ;  
The lamp of joy your father lighted, <sup>3</sup>

Oh, is its bright flame burning dark ?  
Surely, oh surely it cannot be,  
The thought of that face hath gone from  
thee !

The green nest of the bird will perish,  
The violet know its place no more,—  
The ivy of virtue will cherish  
The greenness it cherished of yore.  
Friend of my youth ! 'twere sweet to bor-  
row

The soft gleam from that ivy leaf,  
'Twill be a light on the eye of sorrow,  
'Twill be a smile on the cheek of grief.  
The peace of God on that ivy will be  
Father and mother, yea more, to thee.

### THE SECOND BEST.

EVELINE MEYNELL, daughter of Sir John Meynell, was possessed of a mind and heart equally noble ; the former strong, clear and cultivated, the latter running over with the milk of human kindness. The character of this admirable woman, who had acquired the appellation of "the Second Best," and who well merited all the praise which this comprehensive title can imply, is more fully exhibited in the

following letters. They are written by different persons, and spread through nearly five-and-twenty years of time. The first is from her father to his lady-wife. He was with the army in Germany, during the Seven-Years'-War.

"I fear, my worthy love, there is but distant prospect of my being able to return to you. Would that I had

left the army in the last peace! I had done enough that I should not have feared having anything wrong said of me; and I feel that, however campaigning may suit a bachelor, there is no place for an honest married man but his own dear home, with its fireside, and the wife and children of his heart around it. And, whilst I am plodding on in our marches, in these deep roads, and behold the family groups crowding to their doors to see us pass, and the little faces of the young ones turned up to ask explanations of their mother, or the lad climbing up to his father's shoulders to have a better view,—my heart has yearned for Arlescot, and for those who are there gathered together, and I have scarcely kept from weeping. And yet I have, now and then, reasons for thanks and gratitude to Heaven. When—and it happens not seldom—the people are plundered, and put to sufferings of which I cannot and will not speak, my heart has swelled with joy that such things do not take place in our island. My own dear Margaret, I think of you, and Eveline, and Mary; and my heart blesses the Almighty that such things are far from you. Yet I dreamed last night that Arlescot was pillaged and on fire, and that you were under the large firs in front of the entrance, when a soldier came up, who was drunk as well as brutal, and who was about to discharge his pistol at you, when Eveline, who till then had been trembling, gained sudden courage for the moment, and convulsively snatched hold of the piece, which turned the muzzle towards the man himself, and the shock causing the discharge, the ball struck him, and he fell.

"I should not tell you foolish dreams, were it not that this serves to show how much you all live in my mind. And, besides, this dream spoke truth of Eveline: it is just as she would have acted, delicate as she is, if you had been in danger.—Pray write me long accounts of yourself, and all of you; and above all, let me hear how Eveline gets on in all her

curious studies. They would have been whims, and I should have forbidden them, in any one else; but in her they are real and sound, and will bring forth good fruit hereafter. Tell me amply of all that are with you. Henry writes to me himself constantly; but, for the others, I must trust to you. Tell me of Mary—tell me of Eveline—tell me of yourself,—and in the order in which I have placed them, much, more, most. To no love, indeed, but that for you, can my affection for Eveline be second. Blessed is the man who has such a daughter as she is, when her mother is such as you. Only once let me get back to you, and it shall be my fault if we ever are thus separated again."

The next letter is dated five or six years later, and is from Eveline's brother, Sir Henry, who was then at Paris. Poor Sir John had never again seen that family, for whom his love was so strong and so tender: he was killed at Minden. Sir Henry, then about one-and-twenty, had been on the continent a great deal since, while Lady Meynell and her daughters had lived chiefly at Arlescot. The remainder, as regards that date, the letter itself will speak:—

*"Paris, June, 1764.*

"DEAREST EVELINE.—The tone of my few last letters will, I think, to one so clear-sighted, prevent any great surprise being called forth by the contents of this. You will readily guess that I allude to my approaching marriage with Mademoiselle de Villebois; and hearty and fervent, I am confident, will be your wishes, that that marriage may be to me the source of the degree of happiness which a happy marriage alone can produce.

"Of course, once the matter was finally determined upon, my heart turned to you. And now, Eveline, I must speak more at large concerning yourself—for I am certain, when you have read the grounds on which I found the entreaty I am about to make, that you will grant it.

"What I wish, then, is that, as long as you remain a Meynell, you should make one of your brother's family.—You know that brother is more really attached to you than is any one else in the world ;—he knows you better—and *therefore* he cannot be otherwise. I am quite well aware of all that is said about the annoyance and danger of a third person being resident in a bridal house, especially when that person is of the bridegroom's kin instead of the bride's. But this, to be true, requires that one of the three should have qualities which I hope none of us possess. It argues, in particular, littleness of mind on the part of one of the female members of the trio :—what your's is I need not tell you—what Adelaide's is, lover as I am, I *know*.

"It would surprise you, indeed, if you were to be aware of the extent to which she is proud of you already—and of the impatience she feels at not being yet able to love you as I do. Strong and fervent as my passion is for Adelaide, I cannot be blind to the extreme advantage which your society would be to her. She is a year younger than you—and, brilliant as are her talents, and expanded as I am convinced her mind will more and more rapidly become,—still she has not had your advantages to cultivate her natural gifts to the most sound and productive effect. She has exactly that character of feeling which, so far from being envious at this, will admire, with all her warmth of disposition, the merit itself, and be grateful, with all its generous tenderness, for the benefits it will produce in her. Yes, Eveline, she is worthy even of being your sister—and if I think *that*, you may be quite sure that there is no fear that any discordancy should arise through her means.

"As for the paltry and unintelligible jealousy which I have heard sometimes arises on a sister's part at the brother's love for his wife exceeding that for her, I will not insult you by speaking on the subject. You know full well that my affection for you is

second only to that which the nature of things must, in every man, make the first :—or probably it is in character they differ rather than in degree.

"Let me hear from you, dear Eveline, to tell me that you will add to the happiness of our home—till you leave us to make another home less happy only because there will not be such a *third* as at Arlescot. H. M.

"Henri m'a confié le sujet sur lequel il vous écrivait : je me l'ai fait montrer sa lettre. Tout ce qu'il dit est vrai, hormis les louanges exagérées dont il m'accable. Je vous prie de croire, ma déjà-chère sœur, que mon âme partage son désir que vous fassiez le tiers de cet heureux trio dont il parle avec une tendresse si aimable et si vraie. A. de V."

My readers will now begin to see pretty clearly the sense in which Eveline had received the title of the *Second Best*. Her father had preferred only the wife of many and affectionate years—her brother had given but slight superiority to the object of his young yet perfect love. The next letter, however, speaks stronger still. It is from the young lady Meynell, about a year after her marriage, to a young lady with whom she had formed an early intimacy. In the preceding letter I have left the little postscript in the original—but this is long enough to need translation.

"So you have returned from Italy after your bridal tour of a year—and lo ! you express surprise, first, at my being married ; secondly, at my having married an Englishman ; and above all, at my having consented to live in England.

"As for the first cause of wonder, you forget, ma chère, that time advances, and that I was only a month younger at the period of my marriage than you were at your's. With regard to my marrying an Englishman, you don't know what an Englishman Sir Henry is. He has all the polish of our most cultivated Parisians, without any of their frivolity of manner, or



frequent littleness of mind. His delicacy of manners, indeed, arises from his own mind, instead of from the mimicry of others—which, in truth, prevents the word delicacy being applicable in its strict sense. Besides, he has a strength of character, and a reality of purpose, which the difference of position between an English gentleman and one of our *petits-maitres de Cour*, must, in the mass of instances, necessitate\*. Do not think I am *folle d'amour*, thus to speak. No;—every month I live with my husband, my love for him, if it cannot well increase in mere degree, becomes of a more intensely tender, as well as of a far nobler, character.

"As to my living in England, I certainly consented at first from its being the country of the man whom I married because I loved him. You know that I am of the religion of this country—indeed, if it had not been for the difference of customs which, to some extent, distinguishes the Protestants at Paris, Sir Henry and I never could have known each other before our marriage sufficiently for our affection to become what it did. It is true, then, I resigned my country for my husband.—My parents were dead; but they had not been so long enough for the aunt, with whom I lived, at all to supply their place in my affections. It therefore cost me but little to resign that Paris you all prize so much, for the sake of one whom I both esteemed and loved beyond the power of words to speak.

"But now, I would not go back to France, save for an occasional visit, on any account—except it were his wish—and of that there is little fear. You can have no idea of what a country-life is in England. The dull, dismal, *comfortless*—vous ne connaissez pas même le terme—vous n'avez pas le mot pour le rendre,—je dirai que *le comfort* embrasse, dans son meilleur sens, tout ce qui fait passer la vie journalière avec une jouissance la plus

saue et constante ;—mais même ici on abuse de cet mot, à force de s'en servir."

[I could not resist leaving this in the original—for it shows to an Englishman how thoroughly Lady Meynell felt what *Comfort* is in its highest signification, and yet how utterly her language was incapable to express what she understood so well. To resume.]

"The dull, dismal, comfortless life at a château in a distant province in France, can give you no conception of how we live in the country here. Here, at Arlescot, is an admirable house, of various dates, though all old—but not like your father's château in Champagne. Here everything is excellent and even luxurious; and the society of our neighbors, and our London friends who come down for weeks together, is delightful.

"But, for nearly all the summer months, we were by choice alone. That is, there were no visitors—but our family circle is completed by a sister of Sir Henry's whom he has prevailed upon to live with us. Oh! Clara, such a woman I never met!—such talents!—such knowledge!—such exquisite tact!—for it is that which springs from delicate feelings, not the factitious tinsel of the world;—such matchless kindness of manner!—for its source is an incomparable heart. I never shall cease to think of the bursting affection with which she received her brother, on his arrival—still less shall I forget the numberless, and nameless, and indescribable offices of the truest and most considerate friendliness, by which she contrived to set me at my ease among strangers of whose habits of living I could know nothing—in a foreign land, of every custom of which I was of necessity ignorant. Nay, from what I did see, I am confident that there are a thousand delicate kindnesses which I never saw at all.

"Figure to yourself, Clara, if you

\* It is to be remembered that the date of this is in the last ten years of Louis XV.'s reign—the most frivolous and contemptible era of French society.



can,—which I doubt exceedingly,—a young person, not even now above one-and-twenty, with a face of extreme intellectual beauty—without some share of which no mere physical regularity of feature deserves the name of beauty at all,—and which, as in the case of Eveline, can fully compensate for that far lower quality being incomplete. Her features certainly are not regular :—but the combination du bon sens et de l'âme I never saw equally combined in any face before, and I had no conception of what that combination could produce, till now. Her countenance, in repose, has a mixture of strong mind and placid thought with a general benevolent meaning, and unbounded goodness of heart. But to see it brighten with the arousing of her intellect on some subject in which she takes warm interest,—or kindle with intense affection, or soften with sweet tenderness, towards those on whom her feelings are really fixed,—this, indeed, must excite any one with admiration who has either head or heart sufficient to deserve to class among human beings.

“ Helas ! and it is I who am writing thus !—I whom you recollect so giddy a girl ! Yes, but it is impossible to live a year with such persons as Henry and his sister, without imbibing higher thoughts and stronger and more amiable feelings. Of him I need not say more. But I could not have believed it possible that any one could replace him during the few and short absences he has been compelled to make, as she has done. I never met a woman who had such information without having the very slightest tinge of a *précieuse* :—she never produces anything, all comes so naturally, so much of course, that it would seem almost to be affected that she should withhold it. In our evenings, when Henry and I returned from wandering along the sweet gardens together, and pausing on the banks of the stream, and silently enjoying the mere consciousness of being together,—we used to find Eveline just come in from some errand of *her* charity in the village—and the hours have passed with such

an exquisite charm till bed-time, that, even in my bridal year, I have never once wished her away. It is true, indeed, that she takes care that we often shall be alone ;—but this is never done as though it were contrived, but seems as if it naturally sprang from her being engaged in her own pursuits.

“ I have used the phrase *her* charity. And well I may ! It is indeed no common alms-giving. She knows the history of the wants, the struggles, and the merits of every family in the village. Oh ! how I bless her for having shown me, by her practice—scarcely at all by direct precept—what heavenly effects a *dame de paroisse* may produce in this country, if she know the proper means, and is willing to exert herself ever so little. I trust, if she should form a connection such as alone she would form—and I doubt, from certain indications, whether she ever will—that my watching and studying her admirable conduct on this point may in some degree soften her loss to the poor. That it will fully supply it I never can hope—for they have known ‘ kind Mistress Eveline ’ from her childhood upwards. They have seen her goodness from its earliest bud of promise to its present full bearing of fruit.

“ Oh ! how my admiration and love of my noble and affectionate husband, and of his incomparable sister urge me on to warmth of expression. You will scarcely believe this letter to have been written by your light-hearted giddy play-fellow Adelaide. The giddiness is gone, but the lightness of heart is not—or rather it is raised to a sensation of happiness of a degree of delicate and exquisite enjoyment such as I did not then know existed. And this I owe to both my husband and his sister ;—for, if my love for him be an affection far superior to any of which I had conceived the existence,—so is my friendship for her, which ranks second only to *that*, a feeling such as I had no idea that Friendship ever could be.”

This speaks well for more women than one. Here is a girl, bred in Pa-

ris—if not, from the peculiarity of her position arising from religion, in its worst—namely, its courtly—circles, certainly in its worst times;—a beauty—nor that only, but distinguished for her liveliness, I might say brilliancy, in society—here is one thus circumstanced unconsciously becoming of strong and finely fervent feelings, and of sound and *reliable* judgment, from her union with a man of sense and of virtue—and from continued intercourse with such a woman as Eveline Meynell. The progress of this heightening of character was, as I have said, imperceptible to her in its progress—but such changes can never long continue to exist unknown to those who have undergone them.

A fourth letter, dated nearly eighteen years afterwards, written by the daughter of this Lady Meynell, who herself died when this young person was only about nine years old, will complete the portrait of kind Mistress Eveline. The writer herself seems to have profited by the rare qualities of all those among whom she was bred. The letter is addressed to her betrothed:—

“You remind me that the period is nearly approaching at which a year will be completed since my poor father died. I know well that it is only the strong impulse of your fondness for me that can have led you to hint at this—for, to do you justice, you do no more than hint—for you, of all the world, must feel that, neither as to retrospect nor prospect, can I need reminding. The loss of such a father as mine must leave painful sensations of sorrow long after the early violence of grief has passed away—and I feel it would be affectation, and not delicacy, to deny that the hope of being united to one between whom and myself such attachment exists, and has so long existed, as our’s, produces to me a full assurance of a life of happiness.

“But the particular object of this letter, dearest Edward, is to give you all the information within my recol-

lection,—both personal, and of what I have heard my father say, sometimes to me, and now and then to others, when my early age prevented his thinking of my presence,—concerning my Aunt Eveline. Nothing I have heard said of that beloved being ever escaped my memory. I could not apply all of it then—but the words have remained in my remembrance, and their meaning is clear to me now.

“You say that, of course, she will come and live with us; and that, therefore, you should like to know her character thoroughly. I do not wonder that you should desire to be enlightened on some few points of that character, notwithstanding your strong admiration of the whole. If you had seen more of Aunt Eveline than chance circumstances have allowed you to do, you would need no information at all. I have seen this often, and longed to speak to you about her,—as you now own you wished to do to me. Thus has fastidious nicety restrained us both from conversing on a subject upon which we both desired to come to a thorough understanding. As it is, I will give you all that I know concerning her.

“You first ask how it is she has never married—with all her talents and information, and with her very peculiar but still admirable beauty, and her warm and affectionate character of heart? I think I know—for I remember what my father thought on the subject—and he was likely to be right. I recollect hearing him say, that he thought her ideas were pitched so high, as to what men ought to be, that she had never seen one who had in the slightest degree touched her feelings; while, on the other hand, most men found out, in any duration of intercourse with her, that she was far beyond them in both power and cultivation of mind, and therefore shrank back, all of them in fear, and many in irritation and annoyance. ‘Poor Eveline!’ I recollect his adding, ‘how little does she believe she ever annoyed or irritated anybody!’—how totally her conduct has ever been

the reverse of what ought, in justice, to have done either !'—This exclamation is undoubtedly true ;—and from all I have ever seen I fully coincide with my father's belief. I heard him once say—'I do believe that there never were but two men whom Eveline would have thought worthy of being loved ;—one still lives, it is Franklin—and the other was Milton.' I agree with him that she might have become attached to such a man as Franklin : Milton strikes me as wanting blandness of disposition—but (you will think me very fantastic, dear Edward, but recollect, you begged me to be most minute) I think such a being as, it might be supposed, could be compounded of the best qualities of Franklin and *Las Casas*, would be nearer the mark than all.

"My mother died, as you know, while I was still quite young—and all the recollections of my mental cultivation apply to Aunt Eveline. Slight, indeed, and smattering, is the all I know when I look at her stores of knowledge, which I have had the opportunities of years to contemplate. She avoided, indeed, purposely, many of the stronger and more abstruse studies, for me, which she had herself pursued. Still, even in what she did lead me to, I had ample means of seeing the qualities of clearness, strength, delicacy, and rapidity by which her mind is distinguished ;—yet all these powers, and the acquisitions they had gained for her, were wholly untinged with the slightest touch of pedantry or display.

"But what I value far more than all this is the active excellence of her warm and admirable heart. Oh Edward, if ever you find one trace of sympathy with suffering, or of desire to relieve it, in me, you will owe it to that invaluable woman. I will not speak of the manner in which she devoted her whole life to my parents and myself—or of the love she bore them, and still, thank Heaven, bears to me. I allude now to her kindness, active and real, to the poor. Many and many is the bitter day in winter that I

have known this model of practical good feeling walk out through the snow, and go to the cottage of some sick or suffering villager, who was poor. There have I seen her administer the relief and comforts of medicine, food, religious advice and prayer, or kind and cheerful conversation, as the occasion required. Nothing, indeed, could be more beautiful, or tend more—I feel it now—to teach us what *real* charity is, than to hear Aunt Eveline talk with the poor. She did not assume interest in their humble matters, as many do,—she felt it ;—she listened to obtain the information she needed, with the utmost patience ; she questioned them with clearness, brevity, and kindness mingled ; she gave them her advice in a manner which almost made the people believe the ideas she suggested had originally arisen in their own minds.

"I recollect a remarkable instance of all these qualities. We were caught in a snow-storm one very severe January ; we took shelter in a hovel which stood in the corner of a field, close to the road. There we found an old carpenter of the village, who said he was delighted to meet 'kind Mistress Eveline,' as the elder people always called her, as he had hit, he thought, on a mechanical improvement in one of the tools of his trade, which he longed to explain to her. Off he set into a long explanation, of which I understood not one word, but which Aunt Eveline went along with perfectly. When the old man had been in the full swing of his discourse about a quarter of an hour, the carriage arrived to bring us home, as it had been known which way we had gone. I knew my aunt had a severe cold, and I pressed her to go at once. No, she said,—she must hear out old Christopher's plan, which seemed to her very ingenious. The conversation lasted half an hour more, about the last three minutes of which she occupied in giving her opinion of the invention. My father afterwards got her to confess that she had given Christopher the one idea which had made all the rest

of avail, and without which they would all have been useless; his suspicions having been roused by hearing the old man say several times—'It's very odd, but I thought of the best bit of the whole plan while I was talking to kind Mistress Eveline in the snow-storm.' Mistress Eveline herself was laid up for a fortnight; but she cared not—for Christopher gained a round sum for the patent he got for the invention.

"I am sure, dear, dear Edward, you are not one to think these details childish, or too minute. You will see at once that I could in no other way so well show you what she really is. You may have heard some few sneers at her talents and their cultivation among cold-blooded, 'fine' people; but I have heard thousands of blessings bursting from the hearts of the poor, for the goodness of *her* heart.

"And these inward qualities have produced one outward characteristic which will make her a blessing, instead of an incumbrance, to that home of which, for my sake, my own love, you have so kindly determined to make

her an inmate. You will soon rejoice for your own. I allude to that delightful constancy of cheerfulness of manner, which might be called gaiety had it not a beautiful dash of tenderness which renders that too light a word. A good heart, actively employed, always produces this, which your own heart will at once set before your imagination. Oh! Edward, you do not even conceive how I bless you for adding to my new home the only thing that could increase the happiness *I know* will reign there—the society of my dear, dear Aunt Eveline! There is but one feeling in the world which exceeds my unspeakable affection for her;—Edward, can you guess what that is?"

The only addition which I shall make to the picture, so ably and so truly drawn in the preceding letters, of the character of Eveline Meynell, is the following tribute to her memory, which is inscribed on the slightly but beautifully ornamented slab placed over her grave:—

*Sacred to the Memory of Eveline Meynell, grand-aunt of Sir Edward Meynell, Bart., present owner of Arlescot Hall, in this parish. He raises this monument to her as to THE SECOND BEST; the origin of that appellation, current in the family, having proved her to have been THE BEST of all. For, the universal object of affection must be the most good. And, when the husband of a long and happy marriage was asked, whom he loved the best, second only to his wife?—when the affianced, who was second to his betrothed?—the wife of the first year, who second to her newly-married husband?—nay, when the bride, on the eve of so becoming, was asked who was second in her love to him she was about to wed?—each and all have answered,*

"EVELINE MEYNELL."

## THE CHARMED PICTURE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! that those lips had language!—Life hath pass'd  
With me but roughly since I saw thee last.

THINE eyes are charm'd, thine earnest eyes,  
Thou Image of the Dead!  
A spell within this sweetness lies,  
A virtue thence is shed.

Of in their meek blue light enshrined,  
A blessing seems to be;  
And sometimes there, my wayward mind  
A still reproach can see.

And sometimes Pity—soft and deep,  
And quivering through a tear;  
Ev'n as if Love in Heaven could weep,  
For Grief left drooping here.

And oh! my spirit needs that balm,  
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth,  
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,  
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me *thus*, when hollow Praise  
Hath made the weary pine,  
For one true tone of other days,  
One glance of love like thine!

Look on me *thus*, when sudden glee  
Bears my quick heart along,  
On wings that struggle to be free  
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain!—too soon are felt  
The wounds they cannot flee;  
Better in child-like tears to melt,  
Pouring my soul on thee!

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,  
Whence is thy power of change,  
Thus, ever shadowing back my own,  
The rapid and the strange?

Whence are they charm'd—those earnest  
eyes?—

I know the mystery well!  
In my own trembling bosom lies  
The Spirit of the Spell.

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—  
Oh! change no longer, Thou!  
Forever be the blessing worn  
On thy pure thoughtful brow!

### THE MURDERER'S LAST NIGHT.

UNTIL my twenty-seventh year I resided in the small cathedral town of C—r in which I was born. My parents—especially my mother—were of a serious cast. She had been educated as a Quaker, but following her own notions as to religion, she in the latter part of her life became attached to the tenets of that sect known by the name of Moravians, and last of all to those which, when held in connexion with the ritual of the church of England, are termed “Evangelical;” or, in dissent from it, “Methodistical.”

She was warm and fanciful in her devotional practice; for which the belief as to the palpable and plenary influence of the Holy Spirit upon the human mind, in which she was bred, may help to account. Of these aspirations I, an ardent and sensitive boy, soon learned to partake. My mind was never naturally prone to vice; and my imagination, though forward, was pure. I was brought up by my excellent parents in the practice of virtue; and I loved it. With an outward conduct thus guaranteeing inward persuasions—with professions borne out by an unquestioned and pure, if not altogether unostentatious piety of behavior, what wonder that I soon became a distinguished votary of the peculiar principles to which I had attached myself. It is difficult for a young man to know himself looked up to—he the cause what it may—without his feelings and his conduct being affected by

such homage. Nature had endowed me, if not with eloquence, at least with considerable fluency of speech; and as my natural diffidence—which at first was great—wore away, whether by extempore prayer or seasonable exhortation, the effects I produced exceeded those, the fruits of zeal, of those about me. I became admired as one more than usually gifted, and was gradually exalted into a leader. The occasional tendency to gloom and nervous irritability to which my temperament inclined me, was yet only marked enough to throw no unbecoming seriousness and gravity into the features of so young an apostle. It was strange to see persons of all ages and both sexes admiring at the innate seriousness of so early a preacher, and owning the sometimes really fervid earnestness of my appeals, my warnings or my denunciations. I began more and more to feel myself in a station above that of my fellows, and that I had now a character to sustain before the eyes of men. Young as I was, could it well have been otherwise? Let me however speak the truth. Spiritual pride at last crept upon me. Devotion by insensible degrees became tainted with self, and the image of God was, I fear, sometimes forgotten for that of his frail and unworthy creature. True it was, I still, without slackening, spoke comfort to the ear of suffering or repentant sin—I still exhorted the weak and strengthened the strong. I still warn-

ed the besotted in corruption that the fruits of vice, blossom as she will, are but like those of the shores of the Dead Sea, seeming gay, but only emptiness and bitter ashes. But, alas! the bearer of the blessed message spoke as if the worm that bore, could add grace to the tidings he conveyed to his fellow worm. I was got upon a precipice, but knew it not—that of self-worship and conceit; the worst creature-idolatry. It was bitterly revealed to me at last.

About the year 1790, at the Assizes for the county of which the town of C—r is the county town, was tried and convicted a wretch guilty of one of the most horrible murders upon record. He was a young man, probably (for he knew not his own years) of about twenty-two years of age. One of those wandering and unsettled creatures, who seem to be driven from place to place, they know not why. Without home; without name; without companion; without sympathy; without sense. Heartless, friendless, idealess, almost soul-less! and so ignorant, as not even to seem to know whether he had ever heard of a Redeemer, or seen his written Word. It was on a stormy Christmas eve, when he begged shelter in the hut of an old man, whose office it was to regulate the transit of conveyances upon the road of a great mining establishment in the neighborhood. The old man had received him, and shared with him his humble cheer and his humble bed; for on that night the wind blew, and the sleet drove, after a manner that would have made it a crime to have turned a stranger dog to the door. The next day the poor old creature was found dead in his hut—his brains beaten out with an old iron implement which he used—and his little furniture rifled and in confusion. The wretch had murdered him for the supposed hoard of a few shillings. The snow, from which he afforded his murderer shelter, had drifted in at the door, which the miscreant, when he fled, had left open, and was frozen red with the blood of his victim. But it betrayed

a footstep hard frozen in the snow, and blood,—and the nails of the murderer's shoe were counted, even as his days were soon to be. He was taken a few days after with a handkerchief of the old man's upon his neck. So blind is blood-guiltiness.

Up to the hour of condemnation, he remained reckless as the wind—unrepenting as the flint—venomous as the blind-worm. With that deep and horrible cunning which is so often united to unprincipled ignorance, he had almost involved in his fate another vagrant with whom he had chanced to consort, and to whom he had disposed of some of the blood-bought spoils. The circumstantial evidence was so involved and interwoven, that the jury, after long and obvious hesitation as to the latter, found both guilty; and the terrible sentence of death, within forty-eight hours, was passed upon both. The culprit bore it without much outward emotion; but when taken from the dock, his companion, infuriated by despair and grief, found means to level a violent blow at the head of his miserable and selfish betrayer, which long deprived the wretch of sense and motion, and, for some time, was thought to have anticipated the executioner. Would it had done so! But let me do my duty as I ought—let me repress the horror which one scene of this dreadful drama never fails to throw over my spirit—that I may tell my story as a man—and my confession at least be clear. When the felon awoke out of the death-like trance into which this assault had thrown him, his hardihood was gone; and he was reconveyed to the cell, in which he was destined agonizingly to struggle out his last hideous and distorted hours, in a state of abject horror which cannot be described. He who felt nothing—knew nothing—had now his eyes opened with terrible clearness to one object—the livid phantasma of a strangling death. All the rest was convulsive despair and darkness. Thought shudders at it—but let me go on.

The worthy clergyman, whose par-



ticular duty it was to smooth and soften, and, if possible, illuminate the last dark hours of the dying wretch, was not unwilling to admit the voluntary aid of those whom religious predispositions and natural commiseration excited to share with him in the work of piety. The task was in truth a hard one. The poor wretch, for the sake of the excitement which such intercourse naturally afforded him, and which momentarily relieved his sick and fainting spirit, groaned out half articulate expressions of acquiescence in the appeals that were made to him; but the relief was physical merely. The grasp of the friendly hand made waver, for a moment, the heavy shadow of death which hung upon him—and he grasped it. The voice breathing mercy and comfort in his ear, stilled for a second the horrid echo of doom—and he listened to it. It was as the drowning man gasps at the bubble of air which he draws down with him in sinking—or as a few drops of rain to him at the stake, around whom the fire is kindled and hot. This, alas! we saw not as we ought to have done—but when the sinking wretch, at the word “mercy,” laid his head upon our shoulder and groaned, we, sanguine in enthusiasm, deemed it deep repentance. When his brow seemed smooth for a space, at the sound of Eternal Life, we thought him as “a brand snatched from the burning.” In the forward pride (for pride it was) of human perfectibility, we took him—him the Murderer—as it were under our tutelage and protection. We prayed with him—we read to him—we watched with him—we blessed his miserable sleeps—and met his more wretched awakings. In the presumption of our pity, we would cleanse that white, in the world’s eye, which God had, for inscrutable purposes, ordained should seem to the last murky as hell. We would paint visibly upon him the outward and visible sign of sin washed away, and mercy found. That that intended triumph may not have helped to add

or to retain one feather’s weight in the balance against him, let me humbly hope and trust. That I was a cause, and a great one, of this unhappy delusion, let me not deny. God forgive me, if I thought sometimes less of the soul to be saved than of him who deemed he might be one of the humble instruments of grace. It is but too true that I fain would have danced, like David, before the Ark. Within and without was I assailed by those snares which, made of pride, are seen in the disguise of charity. The aspirations of my friends, the eyes of mine enemies, the wishes of the good, and the sneers of the mistrustful, were about me, and upon me; and I undertook to pass with the Murderer—*HIS LAST NIGHT—such a last!*—but let me compose myself.

\* \* \* \*

It was about the hour of ten, on a gusty and somewhat raw evening of September, that I was locked up alone with the Murderer. It was the evening of the Sabbath. Some rain had fallen, and the sun had not been long set without doors: but for the last hour and a half the dungeon had been dark, and illuminated only by a single taper. The clergyman of the prison, and some of my religious friends, had sat with us until the hour of locking up, when, at the suggestion of the gaoler, they departed. I must confess their “good night,” and the sound of the heavy door, which the gaoler locked after him, when he went to accompany them to the outer-gate of the gaol, sounded heavily on my heart. I felt a sudden shrink within me, as their steps quickly ceased to be heard upon the stone stairs—and when the distant prison door was finally closed, I watched the last echo. I had for a moment forgotten my companion. When I turned round, he was sitting on the side of his low pallet, towards the head of it, supporting his head by his elbow against the wall, apparently in a state of half stupor. He was motionless, excepting a sort of convulsive movement, between sprawling and clutch-



ing of the fingers of the right hand, which was extended on his knee. His shrunk cheeks exhibited a deadly ashen paleness, with a slight tinge of yellow, the effect of confinement. His eyes were glossy and sunken, and seemed in part to have lost the power of gazing. They were turned with an unmeaning and vacant stare upon the window, where the last red streak of day was faintly visible, which they seemed vainly endeavoring to watch. The sense of my own situation now recoiled strongly upon me; and the sight of the wretch sitting stiffened in quiet agony, (for it was no better,) affected me with a faint sickness. I felt that an effort was necessary, and, with some difficulty, addressed a few cheering and consolatory phrases to the miserable creature I had undertaken to support. My words might not—but I fear my tone was too much in unison with his feelings, such as they were. His answer was a few inarticulate mutterings, between which, the spasmodic twitching of his fingers became more apparent than before. A noise at the door seemed decidedly to rouse him; and as he turned his head with a sudden effort, I felt relieved to see the gaoler enter. He was used to such scenes; and with an air of commiseration, but in a tone which lacked none of the firmness with which he habitually spoke, he asked the unhappy man some question of his welfare, and seemed satisfied with the head-shake and inarticulately muttered replies of the again drooping wretch, as if they were expected, and of course. Having directed the turnkey to place some wine and slight refreshments on the table, and to trim the light, he told me in a whisper, that my friends would be at the prison, with the clergyman, at the hour of six; and bidding the miserable convict and myself, after a cheering word or two, "good night," he departed—the door was closed—and the Murderer and I were finally left together.

It was now past the hour of ten o'clock; and it became my solemn

duty to take heed, that the last few hours of the dying sinner passed not, without such comfort to his struggling soul as human help might hold out. After reading to him some passages of the gospel, the most apposite to his trying state, and some desultory and unconnected conversation,—for the poor creature at times seemed to be unable, under his load of horror, to keep his ideas connected further than as they dwelt upon his own nearing and unavoidable execution,—I prevailed upon him to join in prayer. He at this time appeared to be either so much exhausted, or laboring under so much lassitude from fear and want of rest, that I found it necessary to take his arm and turn him upon his knees by the pallet-side. The hour was an awful one. No sound was heard save an occasional ejaculation between a sigh and a smothered groan from the wretched felon. The candle burned dimly; and as I turned I saw, though I scarcely noticed it at the moment, a dim insect of the moth species, fluttering hurriedly round it, the sound of whose wings mournfully filled up the pauses of myself and my companion. When the nerves are strained to their uttermost, by such trifling circumstances are we affected. *Here*, (thought I,) there has been no light, at such an hour, for many years; and yet here is one whose office it seems to be to watch it! My spirit felt the necessity of some exertion; and with an energy, for which a few minutes before I had hardly dared to hope, I poured out my soul in prayer. I besought mercy upon the blood-stained creature who was grovelling beside me—I asked that repentance and peace might be vouchsafed him—I begged, for our Redeemer's sake, that his last moments might know that untasted rapture of sin forgiven, and a cleansed soul, which faith alone can bring to fallen man—I conjured him to help and aid me to call upon the name of Christ; and I bade him put off life and forget it, and to trust in that name alone—I interceded that his latter agony might

be soothed, and that the leave-taking of body and soul might be in quietness and peace. But he shook and shivered, and nature clung to the miserable straw of existence which yet floated upon the wide and dismal current of oblivion, and he groaned heavily and muttered, "No, no! no!" as if the very idea of death was unbearable, even for a moment; and "to die," even to him that must, were a thing impossible, and not to be thought of or named. And as I wrestled with the adversary that had dominion over him, he buried his shrunk and convulsed features in the covering of his miserable pallet; while his fingers twisted and writhed about, like so many scotched snakes, and his low, sick moans, made the very dungeon darker.

When I lifted him from his kneeling position, he obeyed my movement like a tired child, and again sat on the low pallet, in a state of motionless and unresisting torpor. The damp sweat stood on my own forehead, though not so cold as on his; and I poured myself out a small portion of wine, to ward off the exhaustion which I began to feel unusually strong upon me. I prevailed upon the poor wretch to swallow a little with me; and, as I broke a bit of bread, I thought, and spoke to him, of that last repast of Him who came to call sinners to repentance; and methought his eye grew lighter than it was. The sinking frame, exhausted and worn down by anxiety, confinement, and the poor allowance of a felon's gaol, drew a short respite from the cordial; and he listened to my words with something of self-collectedness—albeit slight tremblings might still be seen to run along his nerves at intervals; and his features collapsed, ever and anon, into that momentary vacuity of wildness which the touch of despair never fails to give. I endeavored to improve the occasion. I exhorted him, for his soul's sake, and the relief of that which needed it too much, to make a full and unreserved confession, not only to God, who

needed it not, but to man, who did. I besought him, for the good of all, and as he valued his soul's health, to detail the particulars of his crime, but *his eye fell*. That dark enemy, who takes care to leave in the heart just hope enough to keep despair alive, tongue-tied him; and he would not—even now—at the eleventh hour—give up the vain imagination, that the case of his companion might yet be confounded with his, to the escape of both—and vain it was. It had not been felt advisable, so far to make him acquainted with the truth, that this had already been sifted and decided; and I judged this to be the time. Again and again I urged confession upon him. I put it to him that this act of justice might now be done for its own sake, and for that of the cleansing from spot of his stained spirit. I told him, finally, that it could no longer prejudice him in this world, where his fate was written and sealed, for that his companion *was reprieved*. I knew not what I did. Whether the tone of my voice, untutored in such business, had raised a momentary hope, I know not—but the revulsion was dreadful. He stared with a vacant look of sudden horror—a look which those who never saw cannot conceive, and which—(the remembrance is enough)—I hope never to see again—and twisting round, rolled upon his pallet with a stifled moan that seemed tearing him in pieces. As he lay, moaning and writhing backwards and forwards, the convulsions of his legs, the twisting of his fingers, and the shiverings that ran through his frame, were terrible.

To attempt to rouse him seemed only to increase their violence—as if the very sound of the human voice was, under his dreadful circumstances, intolerable, as renewing the sense of reality to a reason already clouding, and upon the verge of temporary deliquium. He was the picture of despair. As he turned his face to one side, I saw that a few, but very few hot tears had been forced from his glassy and blood-shot eyes; and

in his writhings he had scratched one cheek against his iron bedstead, the red discoloration of which contrasted sadly with the deathly pallidness of hue, which his visage now showed : during his struggles, one shoe had come off, and lay unheeded on the damp stone-floor. The demon was triumphant within him ; and when he groaned, the sound seemed scarcely that of a human being, so much had horror changed it. I kneeled over him,—but in vain. He heard nothing—he felt nothing—he knew nothing, but that extremity of prostration to which a moment's respite would be Dives' drop of water—and yet in such circumstances, anything but a mercy. He could not bear, for a moment, to think upon his own death—a moment's respite would only have added new strength to the agony—He might *be* dead ; but could not “—die ;” and in the storm of my agitation and pity, I prayed to the Almighty to relieve him at once from sufferings which seemed too horrible even to be contemplated.

How long this tempest of despair continued, I do not know. All that I can recall is, that after almost losing my own recollection under the agitation of the scene, I suddenly perceived that his moans were less loud and continuous, and that I ventured to look at him, which I had not done for some space. Nature had become exhausted, and he was sinking gradually into a stupor, which seemed something between sleep and fainting. This relief did not continue long—and as soon as I saw him begin to revive again to a sense of his situation, I made a strong effort, and lifting him up, seated him again on the pallet, and pouring out a small quantity of wine, gave it him to drink, not without a forlorn hope that even wine might be permitted to afford him some little strength to bear what remained of his misery, and collect his ideas for his last hour. After a long pause of returning recollection, the poor creature got down a little of the cordial, and as I sat by him and supported him, I began to hope that his spirits calmed.

He held the glass and sipped occasionally, and appeared in some sort to listen, and to answer to the words of consolation I felt collected enough to offer. At this moment the low and distant sound of a clock was heard, distinctly striking one. The ear of despair is quick ;—and as he heard it, he shuddered, and in spite of a strong effort to suppress his emotion, the glass had nearly fallen from his hand. A severe nervous restlessness now rapidly grew upon him, and he eagerly drank up one or two small portions of wine, with which I supplied him. His fate was now evidently brought one degree nearer to him. He kept his gaze intently and unceasingly turned to the window of the dungeon. His muttered replies were incoherent or unintelligible, and his sunk and weakened eye strained painfully on the grated window, as if he momentarily expected to see the first streak of the dawn of that morning, which to him was to be night. His nervous agitation gradually became horrible, and his motions stronger. He seemed not to have resolution enough to rise from his seat and go to the window, and yet to have an overpowering wish or impulse to do so. The lowest sound startled him—but with this terrible irritation, his muscular power, before debilitated, seemed to revive, and his action, which was drooping and languid, became quick and angular. I began to be seized with an undefined sense of fear and alarm. In vain I combated it ; it grew upon me ; and I had almost risen from my seat to try to make myself heard, and obtain, if possible, assistance. The loneliness of the gaol, however, rendered this, even, if attempted, almost desperate—the sense of duty, the dread of ridicule, came across me, and chained me to my seat by the miserable criminal, whose state was becoming every minute more dreadful and extraordinary.

\* \* \*

Let us not scorn or distrust our obscurest misgivings, for we are strangely constituted ; and though the

evidence for such conclusions often be in a manner unknown to ourselves, they are not the less veritable and just. Exhausted by the wearing excitement and anxiety of my situation, I had for a moment sunk into that confused absence of mind with which those who have been in similar circumstances cannot be unacquainted, when my miserable companion, with a convulsive shudder, grasped my arm suddenly. I was for a few seconds unaware of the cause of this emotion and movement, when a low, indistinct sound caught my ear. It was the rumbling of a cart, mingled with two or three suppressed voices; and the cart appeared to be leaving the gate of the dismal building in which we were. It rolled slowly and heavily as if cumbrously laden, under the paved gateway; and after a few minutes, all was silent. The agonized wretch understood its import better than I did. A gust of the wildest despair came suddenly over him. He clutched with his hands whatever met his grasp. His knees worked. His frame became agitated with one continued movement, swaying backwards and forwards, almost to falling;—and his inarticulate complaints became terrific. I attempted to steady him by an exertion of strength—I spoke kindly to him, but he writhed in my grasp like an adder, and as an adder was deaf: grief and fear had horrible possession. Myself, almost in a state of desperation—for the sight was pitiful. I at last endeavored to awe him into a momentary quiescence, and strongly bade him at last to *die like a man*; but the word “Death” had to him only the effect it may be supposed to have upon a mere animal nature and understanding—how could it have any other? He tried to bear it, and could not, and uttering a stifled noise, between a yell and a moan, he grasped his own neck; his face assumed a dark red color, and he fell into a state of stifled convulsion.

\* \* \* \*

When despair had wrought with him, I lifted him with difficulty from

the floor on which he had fallen. His relaxed features had the hue of death, and his parched lips, from a livid blue, became of an ashy whiteness. In appearance he was dying; and in the agitation of the moment I poured a considerable portion of the wine which had been left with us into a glass, and, after wetting his temples, held it to his lips. He made an effort to swallow, and again revived to consciousness; and holding the vessel firmly in his hands, got down with difficulty and at intervals, the entire draught. When he found it totally exhausted, the glass fell from his hands; but he seized and held one of mine with a grasp so firm and iron-like that the contrast startled me. He seemed to be involved in a confused whirl of sensations. He stared round the cell with a wildness of purpose that was appalling; and after a time, I began to see with deep remorse, that the wine I had unguardedly given was, as is always the case, adding keenness to his agony and strength to his despair. He half rose once or twice and listened; all was silent—when, after the pause of a minute or two, a sudden fit of desperation seemed to seize upon him. He rushed to the window, and hurriedly surveying the grates, wrenched at them with a strength demoniac and superhuman, till the iron bars shook in their embeddings.

From this period my recollections are vague and indistinct. I remember strongly remonstrating with the poor creature, and being pushed away by hands which were now bleeding profusely with the intense efforts of his awful delirium. I remember attempting to stop him, and hanging upon him, until the insane wretch clutched me by the throat, and a struggle ensued, during which I suppose I must at length have fainted or become insensible; for the contest was long, and, while consciousness remained, terrible and appalling. My fainting, I presume, saved my life, for the felon was in that state of maniacal desperation which nothing but a

perfect unresistingness could have evaded.

After this, the first sensation I can recall is that of awakening out of that state of stupor into which exhaustion and agitation had thrown me. Shall I ever forget it? The anxiety of some of my friends had brought them early to the gaol; and the unusual noises which had been heard by some of its miserable inmates occasioned, I believe, the door of the cell in which we were, to be unlocked before the intended hour. Keenly do I recollect the struggling again into painful consciousness, the sudden sense of cheering daylight, the sound of friendly voices, the changed room, and the strange looks of all around me. The passage was terrible to me: but I had yet more to undergo. I was recovered just in time to witness the poor wretch, whose prop and consolation I had undertaken to be, carried, exhausted and in nerveless horror, to the ignominious tree—his head drooping on his breast, his eyes opening

mechanically at intervals, and only kept from fainting and utter insensibility by the unused and fresh morning air, which breathed in his face as if in cruel mockery. I looked once, but looked no more.—Let me hasten to conclude. I was ill for many weeks, and after recovering from a nervous fever, was ordered by my physicians into the country. This was the first blessing and relief I experienced, for the idea of society was now terrible to me. I was secluded for many months. Time, however, who ameliorates all things, at length softened and wore away the sharper parts of these impressions, but to this hour I dare not dwell upon the events of that awful night. If I dream of them, although the horrors fall far short of the appalling reality, yet for the next sun I am discomposed, and can only seek for rest from that Almighty Power, who, in his inscrutable providence, thought fit I should read a lesson so hideous, but—so salutary.—Reader, farewell.

---

#### THE CASKET.\*

THE *Casket* is no less deserving of favor for its intention,—the relief of misfortune, than for the many beautiful specimens of poetry it contains. The plan of the editor, Mrs. Blencowe, to whom the public are indebted for projecting this cento of contributions from the gifted writers of the day, is excellent; and we think no small credit is due to the active kindness which has thus followed up its first impulse of benevolence. We do not conceive the volume at all amenable to criticism; it is an appeal to our kindest and best feelings. We cannot therefore do better than use our best taste in the selection of a few specimens. The following by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, is touchingly simple and beautiful:—

“*Stanzas addressed to —*”

You ask me, gentle maiden,  
For a rhyme, as friendship's boon;

But my spirit is o'erladen,  
My heart is out of tune;  
I may not breathe a poet's vow,  
My music is a name,—  
And it seldom breaks its slumbers now  
For beauty or for fame.

Yet there are some who still can break  
The spell that round it clings,  
And gleams of thought, that yet awake  
Sweet murmurings from the strings;  
But then, with something of its old  
And long-forgotten art,  
Oh! there mingle tones, that fall as cold  
As midnight on the heart.

I hung it on a blighted tree,  
In a dream-remember'd land,  
Where the waters ripple peacefully,  
In their beauty, to the strand,—  
Beside my own lanthe's bower,  
Where I had traced her name,—  
But, from that most ill-omen'd hour,  
It never was the same.

Yet, though its gayer notes be flown,  
My spirit doth rejoice,  
When I deem that visionary tone  
The echo of her voice:  
For like the voice of the evening breeze,  
When the autumn leaf it stirs,

---

\* The Casket. Svo. pp. 445. London, 1829. Murray.

And a murmuring music is on the trees,  
Oh ! just such a voice was hers.

Silent and sad her tomb is there,  
And my early visions too,—  
But her spirit is ling'ring in the air,  
And her tears are in the dew,  
And the light of her maidenly-mournful eyes,  
On her bower hath never set,  
For it dwells in the stars, and it gleams from  
the skies,  
On a lonely bosom yet."

Can anything be more spirited than  
the following, by T. Marshall ?

*"The Hunted Stag: a Sketch.*

What sounds are on the mountain blast ?  
Like bullet from the arbalast,  
Was it the hunted quarry past  
Right up Ben-ledi's side ?—  
So near, so rapidly he dash'd,  
Yon lichen'd bough has scarcely plash'd  
Into the torrent's tide.  
Ay !—The good hound may bay beneath,  
The hunter wind his horn ;  
He dared ye through the flooded Teith  
As a warrior in his scorn !  
Dash the red rowel in the steed,  
Spur, laggards, while ye may !  
St. Hubert's shaft to a stripling's reed,  
He dies no death to-day !

'Forward !'—Nay, waste not idle breath,  
Gallants, ye win no green-wood wreath ;  
His antlers dance above the heath,  
Like chieftain's plumed helm ;  
Right onward for the western peak,  
Where breaks the sky in one white streak,  
See, Isabel, in bold relief,  
To Fancy's eye, Glenartney's chief,  
Guarding his ancient realm.  
So motionless, so noiseless there,  
His foot on rock, his head in air,  
Like sculptor's breathing stone !  
Then, snorting from the rapid race,  
Snuffs the free air a moment's space,  
Glares grimly on the baffled chase,  
And seeks the covert lone."

We regret we have not room for the  
"Dead Pirate," by the same author.  
The next little poem is very exquisite  
—"one haunting touch of melancholy  
thought." It is from the pen of Mr.  
E. Lytton Bulwer.

*"The Complaint of the Violets.*

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill  
We slept in our green retreats,  
And the April showers were wont to fill  
Our hearts with sweets ;  
And though we lay in a lowly bower,  
Yet all things loved us well,  
And the waking bee left its fairest flower  
With us to dwell.

But the warm May came in his pride to woo  
The wealth of our virgin store,  
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew  
Their sweets no more !

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot  
Where we dwell—and its suns and showers  
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts, but not—  
Oh ! not to *ours* !

We live—we bloom—but forever o'er  
Is the charm of the earth and sky :  
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore,  
Or bid us die !"

The "Lines to an Orphan," by  
Mrs. Hemans, are full of that sweet-  
ness yet sorrowfulness of affection in  
which she excels.

"Thou hast been reard' too tenderly,  
Beloved too well and long,  
Watch'd by too many a gentle eye :  
Now look on life—be strong !

Too quiet seem'd thy joys for change,  
Too holy and too deep ;  
Bright clouds, through summer skies that range,  
Seem oftimes thus to sleep,—

To sleep, in silvery stillness bound,  
As things that ne'er may melt ;  
Yet gaze again—no trace is found  
To show thee where they dwell.

This world hath no more love to give  
Like that which thou hast known ;  
Yet the heart breaks not—we survive  
Our treasures—and bear on.

But oh ! too beautiful and blest  
Thy home of youth hath been ;  
Where shall thy wing, poor bird ! find rest,  
Shut out from that sweet scene !

Kind voices from departed years  
Must haunt thee many a day ;  
Looks that will smite the source of fears,  
Across thy soul must play.

Friends—now the alter'd or the dead—  
And music that is gone,  
A gladness o'er thy dreams will shed,  
And thou shalt wake alone.

Alone !—it is in that deep word  
That all thy sorrow lies ;  
How is the heart to courage stirr'd  
By smiles from kindred eyes !

And are these lost ? and have I said  
To aught like thee—be strong ?  
So bid the willow lift its head,  
And brave the tempest's wrong !

Thou reed ! o'er which the storm hath pass'd,  
Thou, shaken with the wind,  
On one, *one* friend, thy weakness cast,  
There is but *One* to bind."

There are two clever, but too alle-  
gorical, poems by Mr. Praed : we pre-  
fer his charades, flowing in the most  
musical verse, filled with poetical ima-  
gery, and original as the character he  
alone seems able to give them. How  
very gracefully turned is the compli-  
ment in this one page.



"Come from my First, ay, come!  
The battle dawn is nigh;  
And the screaming trump and the thundering  
drum  
Are calling thee to die!  
Fight as thy father fought,  
Fall as thy father fell;  
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought:  
So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!  
Fling high the flambeau's light;  
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,  
Beneath the silent night!  
The wreath upon his head,  
The cross upon his breast,—  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:  
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!  
The lord of lute and lay;  
And let him greet the sable hall  
With a noble song to-day.  
Go, call him by his name;  
No fitter hand may crave  
To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
On the turf of a soldier's grave!"

Need we add the solution in the name  
of Campbell? We must find space  
for two or three more.

"Morning is beaming o'er brake and bower,  
Hark! to the chimes from yonder tower;  
Call ye my First from her chamber now,  
With her snowy veil and her jewelled brow.

Lo! where my Second, in gorgeous array,  
Leads from his stable her beautiful bay,  
Looking for her, as he curvets by,  
With an arching neck and a glaucing eye.

Spread is the banquet, and studied the song;  
Ranged in meet order the menial throng;  
Jerome is ready with book and stole,  
And the maidens fling flowers, but where is my  
Whole?

Look to the hill—is he climbing its side?  
Look to the stream—is he crossing its tide?  
Out on the false one! he comes not yet—  
Lady, forget him, yea, scorn and forget."

"My First was dark o'er earth and air,  
As dark as she could be!  
The stars that gemmed her ebony hair  
Were only two or three:  
King Cole saw twice as many there  
As you or I could see.

'Away, King Cole,' mine hostess said,  
'Flagon and flask are dry;  
Your nag is neighing in the shed,  
For he knows a storm is nigh.'  
She set my Second on his head,  
And she set it all awry.

He stood upright upon his legs—  
Long life to good King Cole!  
With wine and cinnamon, ale and eggs,  
He filled a silver bowl;  
He drained the draught to the very dregs,  
And he called that draught my Whole."

"He talked of daggers and of darts,  
Of passions and of pains,

Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,  
Of kisses and of chains;  
He said, though Love was kin to Grief,  
He was not born to grieve,  
He said, though many rued belief,  
She safely might believe:  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore, by yea and nay,  
My Whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

He said my First—whose silent car  
Was slowly wandering by,  
Veiled in a vapor faint and far  
Through the unfathomed sky,—  
Was like the smile whose rosy light  
Across her young lips passed,  
Yet oh! it was not half so bright,  
It changed not half so fast:  
But still the Lady shook her head,  
And swore, by yea and nay,  
My Whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath  
Upon his raven hair,  
And drew his rapier from its sheath,  
Which made the lady stare;  
And said his life-blood's purple flow  
My Second there should dim,  
If she he loved and worshiped so  
Would only weep for him:  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore, by yea and nay,  
My Whole was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say."

In adding the solutions, bridegroom  
—nightcap—moonshine, we confess  
to only guessing, so that our readers  
may still exercise their ingenuity. We  
shall finish with a poem by L. E. L.

"The Fountain: a Ballad.

Why startest thou back from that fount of sweet  
water?

The roses are drooping while waiting for  
thee;

'Ladye, 'tis dark with the red hue of slaugh-  
ter,  
There is blood on that fountain—oh! whose  
may it be?'

Uprose the ladye at once from her dreaming,  
Dreams born of sighs from the violets round,  
The jasmine bough caught in her bright tress-  
es, seeming

In pity to keep the fair prisoner it bound;

Tear-like the white leaves fell round her, as,  
breaking  
The branch in her haste, to the fountain she  
flew,

The wave and the flowers o'er its mirror  
were reeking,  
Pale as the marble around it she grew.

She followed its track to the grove of the wil-  
low,  
To the bower of the twilight it led her at  
last,

There lay the bosom so often her pillow,  
But the dagger was in it, its beating was  
past.



Round the neck of the youth a light chain was entwining,

The dagger had cleft it, she joined it again,  
One dark curl of his, one of her's like gold shining,

'They hoped this would part us, they hoped it in vain.

Race of dark hatred, the stern unforgiving,  
Whose hearts are as cold as the steel which they wear,

By the blood of the dead, the despair of the living,

Oh, house of my kinsman, my curse be your share !'

She bowed her fair face on the sleeper before her,

Night came and shed its cold tears on her brow ;

Crimson the blush of the morning past o'er her,  
But the cheek of the maiden returned not its glow.

Pale on the earth are the wild flowers weeping,

The cypress their column, the night-wind their hymn,

These mark the grave where those lovers are sleeping

Lovely—the lovely are mourning for them."

### RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

THERE is a madness of thrones, and it is the madness of perpetual desire—the madness of avarice and accumulation. No extent of dominion can satisfy it ; the utter worthlessness of the object cannot restrain it ; desert is added to desert, marsh to marsh, a sickly and beggared population is gathered to the crowd that are already perishing in the midst of their uncultured fields ;—yet the passion is still keen, and thousands of lives are sacrificed, years of desperate hazard are encountered, and wealth, that might have transformed the wilderness into a garden, is flung away, for the possession of some leagues of territory, fit only to make the grave of its invaders. Austria, at this hour the mistress of a prodigious empire, one half of which is forest, heath, or mountain, unpeopled, or only peopled by barbarians—Austria, the mistress of Croatia, the Bannat, and Transylvania, is longing for Albania, a country of barren mountain and swampy valley, with a population of robbers. Russia, with a territory almost the third of the old world, stretching from the Black Sea to the Pole, and from Finland to the wall of China, is longing for the fatal marshes of Wallachia and Moldavia ; for the deserts of Rometia, and the sovereignty of the fiercest race of barbarians on earth, alien by their creed, alien by their habits, and cursing the ground that has been defiled by the tread of a Russian. With two capitals already hostile to each other, she is struggling for a third,

incurably and furiously hostile to both. With an extent of dominion that no single sceptre can adequately rule, and which a few years will see either torn asunder by the violence of rebellion, or falling in pieces by the natural changes of overgrown territory, she is at this hour marshalling her utmost strength, and laying up debility for many a year, in the frantic eagerness to add the Turkish empire to the Muscovite, the Siberian, and the Tartar.

And in this tremendous chase of power, what is to be trampled under the foot of the furious and guilty pursuer ! The heart sickens at the reckless waste of life and the means of life, the myriads that must perish in the field, the more miserable myriads that must perish of disease, famine, and the elements let loose upon their naked heads ; the still deeper wretchedness of those lonely and deserted multitudes, whose havoc makes no display in bulletins and gazettes, but whose history is registered where the eternal eye of justice and vengeance alone reads—the innumerable host of the widow and the orphan. Yet this weight of calamity is let fall upon mankind at the word of a single individual :—often the most worthless of human beings, an empty, gaudy, ignorant slave of alternate indolence and sensuality ; trained by the habitual life of foreign courts to the perpetual indulgence of personal excess, and differing from the contemptible race generated by the habits of foreign life,

only by his being the more open dupe of sycophancy, the more prominent object of public alarm, and the more unbridled example of every profligacy that can debase the individual, or demoralize the nation.

Europe is again threatened with universal hostilities by the passion of the Czar to be master of Constantinople.—The nominal cause of the war with Turkey is the removal of the hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia by the Porte. A treaty in 1804 had established that those governors of the provinces should be removed only at the end of every seven years ; a period fixed by the customary cunning of the Russian cabinet, as one in which the hospodars, thus rendered secure from the bow-string, might connect themselves more effectually with Russia. The hospodars were Greeks, and their national prejudices allied them to their new protectors ; they were like all the Greeks of the Fanar—ambitious, corrupt, and crafty ; and the gold of Russia was the virtual sceptre of the hospodariates.

The determination of Russia to seize upon the European dominions of the Sultan, was at length practically exhibited by the march of her troops, under Wittgenstein, to the Danube. The Turks, after some affairs of posts, retreated before the powerful army which now rushed down from Podolia and Moscow on their scattered parties ; and the three sieges of Shumla, Silistria, and Varna, were immediately and rashly undertaken.

The result of the campaign undoubtedly disappointed, to a great extent, the expectations formed of the Russian arms. The Turks were often the assailants even upon level ground, and were not unfrequently left masters of the field. Some of their incursions into Wallachia put the Russian corps into such imminent hazard, that they were saved only by an instant retreat : large convoys were intercepted by the Turkish cavalry, and the campaign was speedily discovered to be only the beginning of a dubious and protracted struggle. The assaults on the Turk-

ish posts were generally repulsed with heavy loss ; and, of the three great sieges, but one offered the slightest hope of success. Shumla, the grand object of the campaign, was early found to be totally impracticable : Silistria was nearly despaired of, and finally was abandoned by a disorderly and ruinous flight : Varna alone gave way, after a long succession of attacks ; and, from the singular circumstances of its surrender, is still said to have been bought from the Governor, Yussuf Pacha, a Greek renegade.

The campaign was urged into the depths of winter, and the weather was remarkably inclement ; the Turks were elated by success, and their attacks kept the enemy perpetually on the alert ; the walls of the great towns would not give way ; the villages were burnt, and could give shelter no longer ; and, as the general result, the Russian army were ordered to retreat from the Danube. The retreat was a second march from Moscow. Everything was lost, buried, or taken. The horses of the cavalry and artillery were totally destroyed, the greater part of the artillery was hidden in the ground, or captured, and the flying army, naked, dismantled, and undisciplined, was rejoiced to find itself once more in the provinces from which it had poured forth a few months before, to plant its standards on the seraglio.

Russia, beaten as she has been, has yet showed that she is too strong for the Turk ; she has mastered Varna, a situation of high importance to her further movements, and she has been able to baffle every exertion to wrest it out of her hands. She has seized some minor fortresses, and in every instance she has been equally able to repel the efforts of the enemy. She has also conquered a city between the Balkan and Constantinople, which, if she shall pass the mountains, will be a place of arms for her troops, and a formidable obstacle on the flank of the Turkish army. The system of the Russian discipline, finance, and influence over the population of the North, is so immeasurably superior to the

broken and disorderly polity of the Turk, that if the war be a work of time, victory must fall to the Czar. On the other hand we must remember the daring and sagacious spirit of the Sultan, the fierce bravery of his people, the power of the most warlike superstition on earth, the national abhorrence of the Muscovite, and even the new intrepidity of recent success. A still more powerful element of defence remains, the jealousy or prudence of the great European kingdoms. The possession of Constantinople, by the masters of Moscow and St. Petersburg, would shake the whole European system, by giving, for the time, at least, an exorbitant influence to Russia. England would see in it the threatened conquest of India: France, the complete supremacy of the Levant, and the exposure of her own shores to a Russian fleet on the first hostilities. Spain, though fallen in the scale, must still resist a measure which would lay open her immense sea-line from Barcelona to Cadiz. Austria, alone, might look upon it with some complacency, if she were bribed by the possession of Albania, or the prospect of planting her banners in the Morea. But the aggrandizement of Austria would be resisted by Prussia, and then the whole continent must hear the Russian trumpets as a summons to prepare for universal war.

The possession of Constantinople would be, not merely the mastery of the emporium of Asiatic trade, nor of a great fortress from which Asia and the East of Europe might be awed; but it would be an immediate and tremendous instrument of European disturbance by its perpetual transmission of the whole naval strength of Russia into the centre of Europe. The Russian fleet is unimportant, while it is liable to be locked up for half the year in the ice of the North; or while, to reach the Mediterranean, it must make the circuit of Europe. But if the passage of the Dardanelles were once her own, there is no limit to the force which she might form in the Black Sea, and pour down direct

into the Levant. There can be no doubt, that with this occasion for the employment of a naval force, Russia would throw a vast portion of her strength into a naval shape; and that while the Circassian forests furnished a tree, or the plains, from the Ukraine to Archangel, supplied hemp and tar, fleet upon fleet would be created in the dock-yards of the Crimea, and be poured down in overwhelming numbers into the Mediterranean.

Thus it is impossible that the Czar shall attack Constantinople without involving the world in war, and in that war England must be a principal. The premier's opinion has been distinctly stated on this subject, and so far as we can rely on the fluctuating wisdom of cabinets, it coincides with that of France and Prussia. To arrange more systematically the resistance to the ruin of Turkey, the Duke of Wellington is said to be on the eve of an extensive European tour, in which he will ascertain the dependence to be placed upon the courts, and discover how far the Czar may have learned moderation from his last campaign. But the world is in a feverish state: ambition is reviving; conspiracy is gathering on the Continent, and the first hour that sees the Russian superiority in the field decisive, will see the great sovereignties remonstrating, arming, and finally rushing, as to a new crusade, but with the sword unsheathed, not for the fall, but for the defence of the turban!

That this will be the ultimate consequence we have no doubt. But the time may not be immediate. We are inclined to think that the French war has not yet been sufficiently forgotten by the states of central Europe to suffer them to run the hazards of collision without the most anxious efforts for its avoidance. There is a general deficiency of money. All the great powers are actually, at this hour, living on *loans*. There is no power in Europe whose revenue is enough for its expenditure. Even in England we are borrowing. Our three millions of exchequer bills, issued in the fif-

teenth year of peace, shows us how little the finance system has sustained our expectations. A war, even for a year, would double our expenditure. On the continent, Rothschild is the true monarch. Every state is in his books, and what must be the confusion, the beggary, and the ultimate bankruptcy of hostilities. The fall of every throne must follow the bankruptcy of every exchequer, and the whole social system be broken up amid revolutionary havoc and indivi-

dual misery. We believe that the four great powers are so fully convinced of the evil of this tremendous hazard, that they are struggling in every shape of diplomacy to avert the continuance of a war between Turkey and Russia. If they succeed, peace will, in all probability, continue for a few years more; if they fail, Europe must instantly arm, and a scene of warfare be roused, to which there has been no equal since the fall of the Roman Empire.

### LINES TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER MARRIAGE.

THEY tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,  
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy side;  
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,  
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,  
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd were met  
To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing  
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love,  
And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above;  
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy brow,  
Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild  
And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,  
Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er my brain,  
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,  
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the May;  
But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are the springs,  
The murmur dies upon the lip—the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,  
That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,  
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose ev'ning shall go down,  
Like the ev'ning in the eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd thy hand,  
When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee, weeping round thee stand,  
Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,  
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!

### KINDRED SPIRITS.

Drops from the ocean of eternity;  
Rays from the centre of unfailing light;  
Things that the human eye can never see,  
Are spirits,—yet they dwell near human sight;

But as the shatter'd magnet's fragments still,  
Though far apart, will to each other turn,  
So, in the breast imprisoned, spirits will

To meet their fellow spirits vainly burn;  
And yet not vainly. If the drop shall pass  
Through streams of human sorrow unde-

filed,—  
If the eternal ray that heavenly was,  
To no false earthly fire be reconciled,—  
The drop shall mingle with its native main,  
The ray shall meet its kindred rays again!

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Housekeeper's Oracle.*—THIS is the last speech and dying words of Dr. Kitchiner, and a strange farrago it is. It is really not doing the work justice to call it simply, "The Housekeeper's Oracle;" it ought to have been entitled a treatise on the *omne scibile* at least. "The head of man," says the learned author, "is like a Pudding; and whence have all Rhymes, Poems, Plots, and Inventions, sprang but from that same Pudding? What is Poetry but a Pudding of Words?" But of all "Puddings of words"—since that must be the phrase—certainly the most miscellaneous it has ever been our chance to partake of, is the "Housekeeper's Oracle." The worthy doctor must certainly have been in an amazingly excited state during its composition. The work deserves, indeed, in some respects, to be ranked with the highest effusions of the lyric muse. Its transitions are quite Pindaric; indeed, in sudden starts and skips "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—from the concerns of this world to those of the next, and back again, perhaps—from an epistle of St. Paul to fresh sturgeon or roasted pig—we venture to say there is nothing either in Pindar, or any other poet to come near to it. Let us just open the book and go over a few pages of it. Passing over the author's picture, the title-page, and the preface, we find ourselves, after getting over a page about "the cage of matrimony," "the net of courtship," and other such matters, up to the ears, before we are aware, in a rambling dissertation about Cookery, Achilles, and the Jewish Patriarchs—from which we are landed amid a series of extracts from the Northumberland Housebook—all leading (most naturally it will be allowed) to a sort of sermon on the duty of order, enforced by a quotation from the 14th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. Then comes a set of tables and observations on the annual

expenses of a family of three persons, with "two maids and a man servant, who have a dinner party once a month"—followed by "The Genuine Golden Rules of Economy"—which give way, in their turn, to "a true story" (of three pages and a half in small type) about a linen draper "who went into business with better than a thousand pounds," and, by over feeding, became first corpulent and then bankrupt, and so was reduced at last "to live upon a chop and a draught of porter." It is the same thing if we open the book any where else. Towards the end, for instance, we find receipts for varnishing oil paintings, preventing the freezing of water in pipes, &c., succeeded by hints relative to beds and bedclothes—a direction for making common paste—a mode of preventing hats being damaged after a shower of rain—the proper way of cleaning knives—and a pair of short disquisitions on cosmetics and wounds of the skin. Cleopatra herself could boast of no such "infinite variety" as this. Certainly we have never before met with anything like it in the course of our reading.

It contains too, it is but fair to add, abundant evidence of the author's zeal in behalf of much higher interests than those of the pocket, and even of his possession of a heart really liberal and feeling, with all its affection for the virtue of a wise frugality. The work tells us so much about so many things of universal importance, that it may be fairly entitled *Every Man's Vade Mecum*—and is certainly one of the cheapest seven shillings' worths we have ever met with.

*The Natural History of Living Objects for the Microscope.* By C. R. GORING, M.D. and A. PRITCHARD. 8vo.—In this work, which is to be continued in numbers, we are informed "that the discovery of a set of objects for ascertaining the defining and penetrating powers of mi-

croscopes, has founded a new era in the history of those instruments," and that "the substitution of diamond and sapphire lenses for those made of glass, in the single microscope, with the most ingenious and effective method of illumination contrived by Dr. Wollaston, may also in some measure be attributed to the same source." This may be confounding cause and effect; but so difficult is it to handle the subject, that the author says, "I do not believe that out of ten observers with Amician reflectors, more than one could be found, at this present moment, fully capable of causing that admirable instrument to put forth its whole mettle." This only enhances the author's merit, for he presents us with some beautiful-colored plates of the larva and pupa of a plumed culex and of aquatic larva, the result of patient investigation and of ingenious contrivances. The work is written in a style of turgid vehemence and inflation. After dreading lest the use of the word nature should subject Dr. Goring to a charge of atheism, he says, "Men are perpetually wondering what can be the use of bugs, and fleas, and wasps, and such kind of vermin, and speak of them as absolute blots in the escutcheon of the Almighty!" We were not aware that men were perpetually asking about the use of bugs and such kind of vermin, but the Doctor having informed us of the fact, we were anxious for his solution, and he tells us that "the use of these little insects is surely to teach man a perpetual lesson of humility." It is not very humble to suppose a whole species created merely to teach us humility; and a chambermaid, when she destroys a whole colony "of such kind of vermin," may forget her humility in the consciousness of her destructive energies.

*The Poetical Sketch-book.* By T. K. HERVEY.—With a good deal yet to learn, and something to unlearn, Mr. H. is one of the most promising of our young poets—and he has presented us with a great many beautiful verses in

this little volume—beautiful in respect both of expression and sentiment. We know no writer, indeed, who imitates Moore's tender and tuneful lyric flow more successfully—and indeed our chief wish with regard to Mr. Hervey is only that he were somewhat less of an imitator. Some of the pieces we have here, show, we think, that he could write better even than he has yet written. But he must let his genius be more its own guide than it has been. His productions, at present, with all their grace and even occasional gorgeousness, want that perfect finish and unity which nothing can give but fusion in the mint of a self-heated and unborrowing fancy.

There are several pieces in the volume which show more power than the following verses: but we give them, as being of convenient length, and because they are now, we believe, published for the first time:—

STANZAS.

*Away—away! and bear thy breast.*

Away—away! and bear thy breast  
To some more pleasant strand!  
Why did it pitch its tent of rest  
Within a desert land!—  
Though clouds may dim thy distant skies,  
And love look dark before thee,  
Yet colder hearts and falser eyes  
Have flung their shadows o'er thee!

It is, at least, a joy to know  
That thou hast felt the worst,  
And—if for thee no waters flow,—  
Thou never more shalt thirst!  
Go forward, like a free-born child,  
Thy chains and weakness past,  
Thou hast thy manna in the wild,  
Thy Pisgah, at the last!

And yet, those far and forfeit bowers  
Will rise, in after years,  
The flowers,—and one who nursed the flowers,  
With smiles that turned to tears;  
And I shall see her holy eye,  
In visions of the night,  
As her youthful form goes stealing by,  
The beautiful and bright!

But I must wake, to bear along  
A bruised and buried heart,  
And smile amid the smiling throng  
With whom I have no part;  
To watch for hopes that may not bud  
Amid my spirit's gloom,  
Till He, who flowered the prophet's rod,  
Shall bid them burst to bloom!

*Montmorency, a Tragic Drama, the first of a series of Historical and other*



*Dramas; with Minor Poems.* By H. W. MONTAGUE.—There is danger, or at least, there ought to be extraordinary caution, in criticising a tragedy, which is announced as the first of a series; for the critic may foster a spurious germ, or he may destroy a whole genus, with all its included species, varieties, and individuals. There is no lack of courage in the design of writing even one tragedy, and how much then must we applaud the energies of a gentleman who sits down with a predetermination to write a whole score; or, for what we know, many score, for a series of tragedies may extend to the crack of doom. We have no apprehension of the author failing in his design, for tragedies, like that before us, are not of very difficult execution. Montmorency is characterised by undeviating mediocrity, by many unpleasant peculiarities of phrase, by a want of stage situations and incidents, and lastly by more skill in sustaining than in the conception of characters. The play is redundant of plagiarisms, which sometimes are not concealed by even an alteration of words. The author's minor poems are of greater merit than his tragedy.

*Universal Education considered with regard to its Influence on the Happiness and Moral Character of the Middle and Lower Classes, &c.* by one of the People, (Whittaker, London,) is viewed by the author as the principal source of the increase of crime, and the cause of that luxury, pride, and dissipation, which at once impoverish, and, seen through false optics, embellish society. He wishes the good old days of homespun, cider, bacon, cabbage, and ignorance, again to return, that master Tommy might not be compelled to learn the classics, to prevent the porter's son from treading on his heels. He admits that facts are rather against him, since by far the greater number of delinquents have been decidedly untaught in their duties either to God or man. But rather than education should escape, he

insinuates, that these ignorant criminals may have been made the dupes of the more artful knaves that have been taught in the schools of our modern system. In the conclusion of his pamphlet, he sketches what he would recommend as the outline of an act of parliament, for the establishment of a school in each parish, the management of which should be vested in the minister, churchwardens, overseers, and a given number of parishioners, annually chosen. Besides these, with the exception of Sunday-schools for religious instruction, he would not allow any gratuitous school to exist, even though supported by voluntary contributions.

*The Legendary: consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Manners and Scenery.* Edited by N. P. WILLIS. London, 1828, R. J. Kennett; Boston, S. G. Goodrich.—There is a great deal of talent in this volume, especially in the prose, which in America has taken a more national character than its poetry has hitherto done. The new imagery, the new associations, the strongly marked minds of his own country,—these should be the mines of an American writer; and a store of rich material do they indeed present. Like Antæus, his strength will be in touching his mother earth. The contents of the *Legendary* are unequal; yet Elizabeth Latimer, the Stepmother, and the Camp Meeting, are original and interesting tales.

Leaves from a Colleague's Album has a quaintness and cleverness about it, that makes us expect its author will do much more: it is by the editor, Mr. N. P. Willis, who is also the best of the poetical contributors; and, altogether, this is a work that well deserves to be continued.

*D'Erebine; or, the Cynic.* 3 vols. —The veriest trash that ever attempted to depict fashionable life, of which its author is evidently ignorant; and the endeavor at romantic incident is as tiresome as it is improbable.



## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

## "Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,  
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,  
Where all is calm and clear."

## CONSTRUCTION AND USE OF CONDUCTORS OF LIGHTNING.

ON the 30th of March, M. Gay Lussac, in the name of the physical branch of the Académie des Sciences, read a report on various questions put by the minister of war, concerning the construction of lightning conductors, and their application to powder magazines. The questions were put by the minister in consequence of an injury sustained by a powder magazine at Bayonne, to which the conductor had appeared to contribute, instead of serving as a protection. The report states, that the accident at Bayonne was to be ascribed to the imperfect construction of the conductor, which, instead of being made to enter the ground at the foot of the wall of the magazine, either to a sufficient depth, or into a pool of water, was carried off horizontally to a distance of thirty-six feet, by five wooden uprights, thirty-two inches high, and then made to take a perpendicular direction downwards, but for only six feet, into a hole six feet square, built up on every side with masonry, but having at the bottom of every side two arches, to give a greater surface of contact between the earth and the charcoal with which the hole was filled. The using the charcoal in its natural state, and not calcined, is noted as another source of imperfection. The points of contact, which were four rays of iron at three feet from the extremity of the conductor, each one foot and a half long, and having three points and four other rays lower down, and one and a half feet from the extremity, each seven and a half inches long, were also pronounced insufficient. The report concludes that a conductor well constructed would have preserved the powder magazine

at Bayonne from all injury; but that such magazines, when properly constructed, and bomb proof, having nothing to fear from lightning, they are more likely to be affected by the electric fluid, especially when the risk of imperfect construction is taken into consideration, if provided with a conductor, than if left without one.

## COLOGNE WATER.

The last number of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* contains the following recipe for making Eau de Cologne of the purest quality:—Spirits of wine of thirty-six degrees, four litres, (the litre is about an English quart); essential oil of cédrat and of citron, each three drachms; oil of bergamot, two ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm and twenty-four grains; oil of thyme, twelve grains; neroli, three drachms; oil of rosemary, three drachms and twenty-four grains. Put the oils into the spirits of wine, and leave them to infuse for one month, then filter through blotting-paper: put into the mixture, when bottled, one pint of eau de melisse.

## DIMINUTION OF THE DIP OF THE NEEDLE.

A paper by Captain Sabine was lately read to the Royal Society, detailing the result of observations made by him in August last, in the horticultural gardens at Chiswick, on the dip of the magnetic needle in London, compared with the determination of the dip in the Regent's Park, in August, 1821, published in the "Philosophical Transactions for 1822." The result obtained is the average of observations made with five different instruments. A decrease is found in the dip in London of 17.5 in seven years, or an annual decrease of 2.5.

The average annual decrease for the century preceding 1821 appears, from the most authentic observations, to have exceeded 3'. On examining the series of observations made on the dip in Paris since 1798, by MM. Humboldt, Gay Lussac, and Arago, the author had a corresponding indication of a recent diminution in the yearly decrease of the dip; it appearing, by those observations, that the average yearly decrease in the first half of the period between 1798 and 1828, exceeded 4'.75, and in the second half fell short of 3'.

#### GELATINE.

The use of gelatine from bones is becoming very general in the French hospitals as an article of diet. In the hospital of La Charité in Paris, upwards of 1000 rations a day are produced by means of a steam-apparatus. This gelatine is said to be much liked by the patients, as it is pure, and may be flavored in any way that is desired.

#### PRESERVATION OF SPECIMENS OF PLANTS.

The directors of the French Museum of Natural History, in their report on the specimens of plants collected in 1827, in Senegal, after observing that the plants collected by M. Leprieur, apothecary to the Navy, had arrived in a very bad state of preservation, recommend travellers, if they would not lose the valuable objects they have gathered, to steep all plants in an alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate.

#### NEW COMPRESSION PUMP.

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences of the 16th May, 1500 francs, as the Monthyon prize for mechanical inventions, were awarded to M. Thilorier, for the best contrivance for a compression pump. M. Navier, in making the report of the committee, described the object and mode of operation of the invention. From these it appears that, with the machine of Thilorier, six men are able to compress, to the thousandth part of its bulk, at each rising and sinking of the

piston, a volume of air equal to six hundred and forty-five cubic centimetres (21 feet 2 inches cubic). With the ordinary machines, 200 men would be required to produce the same effect.

#### MODE OF PRESERVING STUFFED ANIMALS.

It is stated in the last Number of the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*, that a bladder filled with rectified essence of turpentine, closely tied, and placed in the cupboard in which are stuffed animals or birds, will effectually secure them from the ravages of insects. The smell of the turpentine, evaporating through the bladder, destroys any insects which may already exist, and will prevent the approach or production of others.

#### PROPORTION OF POWER TO VELOCITY IN STEAM-BOATS.

The following table of the power necessary to give a steam-boat different velocities, has been published by Mr. Tredgold.

3 miles per hour,	5½ horses' power.
4	13
5	25
6	43
7	69
8	102
9	146
10	200

#### ASSURANCES AGAINST HAILSTORMS.

The injury sustained from violent hailstorms by the agriculturalists of France, and more particularly by the cultivators of the vine, are so frequent and so serious as to induce them to have recourse to societies of assurance, similar to the original institutions for assurance against loss by fire in England. An association of this kind has accordingly been formed in Paris for mutual protection against damage done by hailstorms in the 14 departments around the capital.

#### VACCINATION IN HUNGARY.

There were vaccinated for the cow-pox in Hungary, during the seven years preceding 1826, 1,144,539 persons.

# **VARIETIES.**

"Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

## **THE STUDY OF NATURE.**

In these days of scepticism and scrutinizing, it may appear no easy matter to diffuse a belief in the existence of a universal elixir, capable of arresting or retarding the wane of life, so that "youth," as the scriptures beautifully express it, shall be "renewed like the eagle's." Yet, that such an elixir not only exists, but may be procured with small difficulty and at little expense, we think we can (upon premises granted) bring plausible argument to show. We mean not to assert indeed that the wane of manhood may be brought back thereby to the bloom of infancy, nor the decrepitude of age to the standard of adolescence; but it will—as we can aver upon the testimony of our own experience—impart a ruddier tint and a warmer glow to the blood,—enkindle a brighter expression in the eye,—and call up in the mind a train of thoughts fresh, lively, beautiful, and rapturous—

Such as youthful poets dream,  
On summer's eve by haunted stream.

The elixir we allude to, is the study of nature—embracing the whole range of the visible creation, from the almost invisible mite, to the huge leviathan who maketh the deep boil like a pot;—from the hyssop that groweth on the wall, to the cedar of Lebanon;—from the dew-drop, to the broad thunder-cloud that o'er-canopies the horizon;—and from the grain of sand on the seashore, to the planet which hangs self-balanced in empyrean. This study is as inexhaustible as it is delightful; it never tires, because it is always new,—and, what is more, it can be pursued in all circumstances and in all places; for examples are not wanting to prove that even in the crowded city—(witness Mr. George's investigation of dry-rot,) and, still more wonderful, in the nar-

row prison cell (witness Trenck's tame mice and musical spiders)—the study of nature has been pursued with no less ardor than in the woods and fields—where to the enthusiastic naturalist

Not a breeze  
Flies o'er the meadow,—not a cloud imbibes  
The setting sun's effulgence,—not a strain  
From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
Ascends, but whence the bosom can partake  
Fresh pleasure.

If it be granted, therefore, that the pleasures of childhood are more exquisite and contain less alloy than those of riper years, it must be because then everything appears new and robed in all the fresh beauties of infancy,—whereas in adolescence, and still more in manhood and old age, whatever has frequently recurred, begins to wear the tarnish of decay, or to be tinged with the fading colors of sun-set. That there are minds tuned to the quiet apathy of reposing, like the imaginary gods of Epicurus, without a wish for a new feeling or a new idea, is no reason why those who "are not altogether of such clay" should

Renounce the boundless store  
Which bounteous Nature to her vot'ries  
yields;  
The warbling woodland—the resounding  
shore—  
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields—  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds—  
And all that echoes to the song of Even.

## **IMAGINATION AND REALITY.**

I never like to compare the paintings of fancy with the originals. Realities are seldom the pleasanter parts of life. Hope, memory, and even enjoyment, are more than half imagination. Everything is mellowed by distance; and when we come too near, the airy softness is lost, and the hard lines of truth are offered harshly to the eye. Half our sorrows are the breaking of different illusions: sometimes they must be broken; but when without danger to him-

self, or injury to others, man can enrich the scene before him with ideal beauties, he is foolish to examine too minutely the objects of which it is composed. The cottage, with its broken thatch and shining piece of water in the foreground, is picturesque and beautiful in a landscape;—but what is the reality? The dwelling of misery, decorated with a horse-pond! The splendid pageants, that dazzle the lesser children at a theatre, are but dirty daubs of paint and tinsel; and it is the same with the stage of the world. It never answers to be behind the scenes. In life, I have met with but two things equal to what I fancied them—sunrise from a mountain, and a draught of water when I was thirsty.

#### PARISIAN PERIODICALS.

A correspondent at Paris has kindly favored us with a complete list of the periodicals published in that capital; adding a detail of their objects, their periods of publication, prices, &c. Classing them according to their character, it appears that there issue at present from the Parisian press, on subjects connected with Bibliography, 4 journals; Commerce, Industry, and Finance, 16; Husbandry, 3; Jurisprudence, 20; Administration (customs, prisons, domains, &c.), 6; Military Science, &c., 3; Religion, 9; Education, 6; General Sciences, 13; Medicine, 22; Literature, 18; Music, 5; Fashion, 2; Freemasonry, 1; the Lottery (!) 1—independently of seven annual publications, and thirty-two daily papers. Of a truth, if the “march of intellect” among the Gauls keep pace with the march of letters, every other competitor must rapidly be put *hors de combat*. Our correspondent, however, bids us take comfort, and allay our apprehensions; for, says he, “*l’imagination gallope; le jugement ne va que le pas!*”

#### DEATH OF SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

\* The name of this distinguished philosopher, it is now certain, is to be associated with those of the two other celebrated Englishmen, benefactors of science, who have departed from the

theatre of their labors in the course of the last six months. Even as one of a trio so illustrious, if the important results which attended his scientific observations alone be considered, Sir Humphrey Davy must be undoubtedly regarded as preëminent. To him the scientific world is principally indebted for its acquaintance with the powers and properties of the Voltaic battery; while his discoveries of sodium and potassium, and the invention of the Safety-lamp, are deservedly classed among the most valuable presents which philosophy ever made to art, and will not fail to transmit his name to posterity. The removal from amongst us of so eminent a man, however complete his career, cannot fail to excite melancholy feelings. He died at Geneva, on the 29th of May; and every honor was paid to his remains by all the residents of that city in any wise distinguished either in science or literature.

#### LATE INSTRUCTION.

Socrates, in his old age, learned to play upon a musical instrument. Cato, aged 80, began to learn Greek; and Plutarch, in his old age, acquired Latin. John Gelida, of Valencia, in Spain, did not begin the study of *belles-lettres*, until he was 40 years old.—Henry Spelman, having in his youth neglected the sciences, resumed them at the age of 50, with extraordinary success.—Fairfax, after having been the general of the parliamentary army in England, went to Oxford, and took his degree as Doctor-of-Law. Colbert, when minister, and almost 60 years of age, returned to his Latin and his law, in a situation where the neglect of one, if not both, might have been thought excusable; and Mons. Le Tellier, chancellor of France, reverted to the learning of logic that he might dispute with his grandchildren.—Sir John Davies, at the age of 25, produced a poem on “The Immortality of the Soul,” and in his 62d year, as Mr. Thomas Campbell facetiously observes, when a judge and a statesman, another on *dancing*.